YANK

THE ARMY

5¢ OCT. 1 1943
VOL. 2, NO. 15

By the men . . for the men in the service

AMERICAN INDIAN SOLDIER

Invasion Scenes Painted by Navy Combat Artists

PAGE 2

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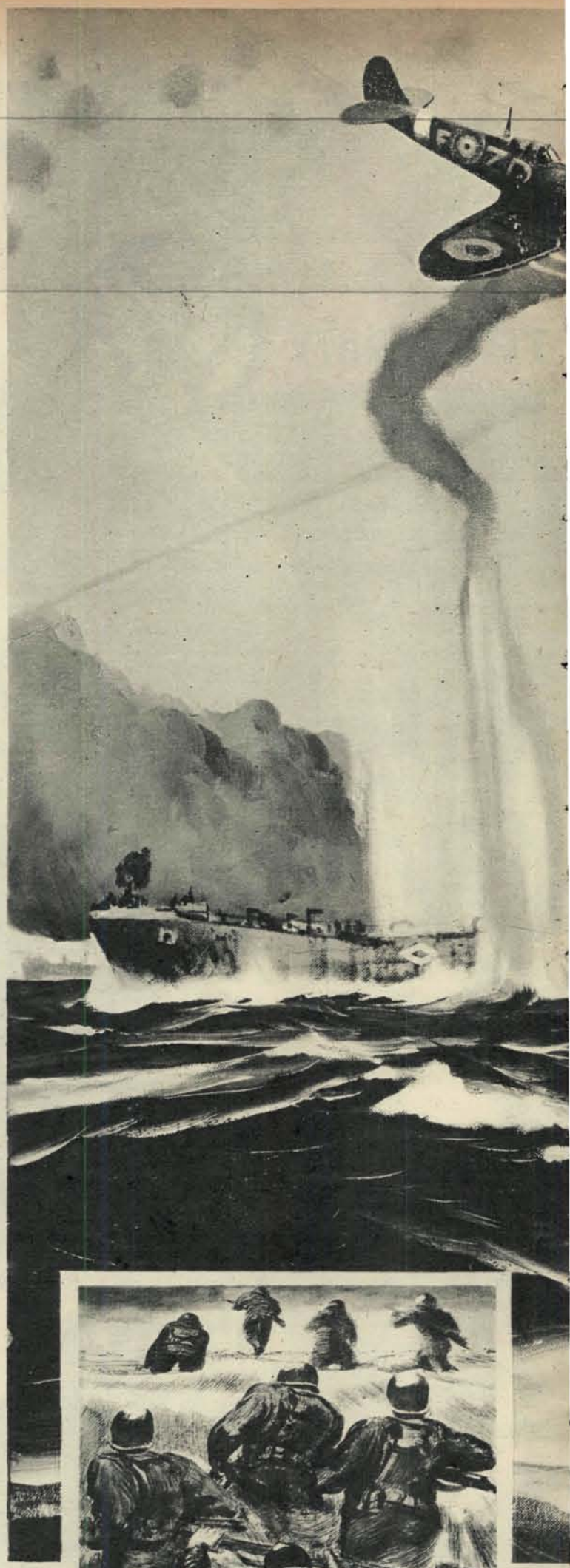
This Wood painting shows an LST (Landing Ship, Tanks) as it fights off Nazi dive-bombing attack in the early dawn near the coast of Sicily. Huge geysers from bomb blasts shower the ship.

Gunners at 20-mm guns send up a sheet of flying lead from aft gun deck of a transport. Visible in the background of this painting by Lt. Jamieson is a smoking and crippled Liberty ship.

This Jamieson picture shows the beach at Gela seething with invasion activity in the rising sun Troops in the center roll out burlap, which will be quickly covered with wire mesh to make a road.



The moment of moments. Jamieson's impression of combat troops and a Navy party reaching the shore.

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Navy Combat Artists

THIS exciting painting of Allied invaders in Sicily fighting off a Nazi air attack is the work of Chief Bosun's Mate Hunter Wood of the U. S. Coast Guard who has seen plenty of action since he enlisted after Pearl Harbor. As a Navy combat artist, he had charge of a landing detail in the North African invasion, saw the British aircraft carrier *Avenger* blown up by a torpedo and pulled survivors of the U. S. transport *Leedstown* out of the Algerian surf. His father, Worden Wood, the noted marine painter, served on the clipper *Yankee* in the Spanish American War and his great-grand-uncle, John L. Worden, commanded the *Merrimac* in her famous Civil War battle against the *Monitor*.

On the opposite page is another painting by Wood and three by Lt. (jg) Mitchell Jamieson, USNR, another combat artist, who like Wood is keeping a pictorial record of the Navy's part in the war.

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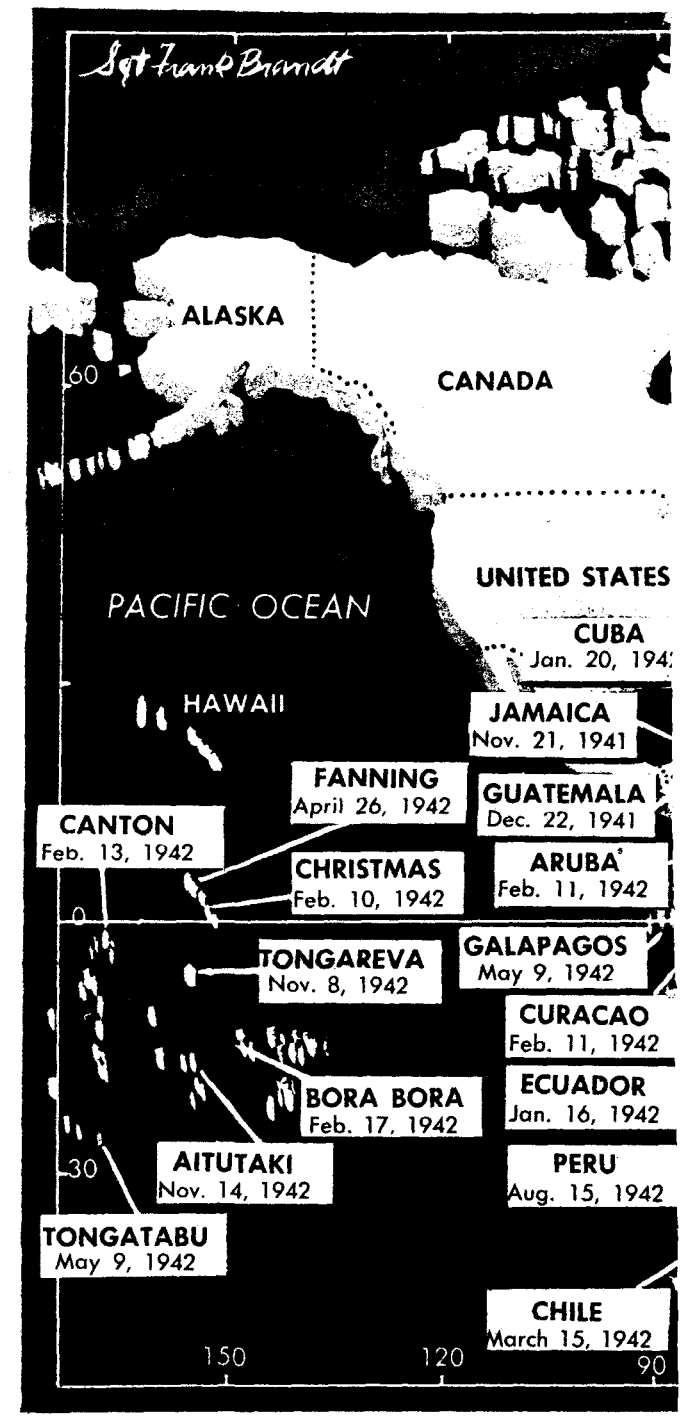
GENERAL MARSHALL REPORTS

Some highlights of the Chief of Staff's biennial report to the Secretary of War on events affecting the Army from July 1, 1941, to July 1, 1943.



Our Problems in 1941

ON July 1, 1941, the international situation was extremely critical. The full power of the German Army, overwhelmingly successful in its previous conquests, had just been loosed against Russia. Strong Italian forces meanwhile were massing in Africa. In the Pacific the menacing preparations of Japan were regarded as a possible preface to attacks upon British and Dutch possessions in the Far East and upon the Philippines, Malaysia, Hawaii and the Panama Canal.

At this time the Army of the United States consisted of a partially equipped force of 28 infantry divisions, a newly created armored force of four divisions, two cavalry divisions, the harbor defenses of the United States and an air force of 209 incomplete squadrons.

Our first obligation had been to see that the troops assembled in this country possessed enough equipment (about 30 to 50 percent per division) to permit them to be trained for employment wherever the defenses of the Western Hemisphere might require, and to make certain that we had in the Panama Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska sufficient garrisons and armament to prevent a hostile landing. All this took time, and time was what we lacked.

Deficiencies in arms and equipment, especially in ammunition and airplanes required for the immediate defense of the Western Hemisphere, the Panama Canal Zone and Alaska, and for the Regular Army and National Guard with supporting troops, were so serious that adequate reinforcements for the Philippines at this time would have left the United States in a position of great peril should there be a break in the defenses of France or Great Britain. It was not until late summer of 1941 that reinforcements for our most distant outpost could be provided without jeopardy to continental United States.

Gen. George C. Marshall

As an example of the degree of our shortages, the representatives of the Netherlands East Indies Government, after urgent requests through the various channels, finally called on me personally in the latter part of August 1941 and made a moving appeal for an initial allotment of 25,000,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition. They stated that they feared the disintegration of their ground forces unless at least a small amount of ammunition was promptly issued. We had an extremely critical situation here in the United States but the dilemma of these fine people was so tragic in the face of the Japanese threat that it was finally decided to accept the hazard of reducing the ammunition reserve for the troops in movement to Iceland to an extent which would permit 7,000,000 rounds being turned over to the Dutch.

On all the fighting fronts the Allies were in a desperate situation. The trying problem of the War Department was to meet the urgent necessities of critical fronts without jeopardy to the security of continental United States.

Our Army Today

JULY 1, 1943, finds the United States Army and Navy united in purpose and operation, a unity shared by the British, Chinese, Dutch, French and other fighting elements among our friends. The enemy has been driven from North Africa. The Russian Army, engaging four-fifths of the German ground forces and one-third of the German air fleet, has dispelled the legend of the invincibility of the German Panzer divisions. The British Isles are stronger than ever and a new France is arising. The Japanese are being steadily eliminated from their conquered territory. The end is not yet clearly in sight but victory is certain.

During the past two years, the enlisted strength of the Army has been increased by 5,000,000 men; the officer corps has grown from 93,000 to 521,000. Included in these figures is an Air Force of 182,000 officers and 1,906,000 enlisted men. The expansion of the service units for the Air Force has been approximately 12,000 percent, and that of the Air Forces proper about 3,500 percent. The Corps of Engineers has been increased by about 4,000 percent.

The development of the training program, the adequacy of ammunition and the influence of officers who have returned to the United States after participation in combat have given us for the first time a reserve of trained units ready for dispatch to the various theaters as rapidly as shipping becomes available. We are reaching the end of expansion.

It has been practicable to lengthen the basic-training period for soldiers and to extend the period of training for officer candidates. Most important of all, it is no longer necessary to drain units of their best officers and men to furnish trained cadres for new organizations or students for officer candidate and technical schools.

By June 30, 1943, officer candidate schools had given the Army more than 206,000 officers, from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel. Early in 1943, when the officer shortage had been overcome, procurement from civil life was restricted to professional and technical specialists not otherwise obtainable, and a gradual reduction in the capacity and output of the officer candidate schools was initiated to keep step with the decline in the expansion rate of the Army.

The Jap Error

THE major miscalculation of the Japanese was the apparent expectation that the Russian Army would collapse under the German grand assault then under way against Moscow. Also unanticipated was the prolonged defense of the Philippine Islands which upset their timetable for other offensive operations in the Southwest Pacific, including Australia.

The Coral Sea action marked the high tide of Japanese conquest in the Southwest Pacific. The battles of the Coral Sea and Midway restored the balance of sea power in the Pacific to the United States and lessened the grave threat to our Pacific possessions.

North African Invasion

THE invasion of North Africa involved some grave risks. The combined air forces, other than carrier-borne and a few transports and heavy bombers, had to be funneled through a

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Branch, Special Service, ASF, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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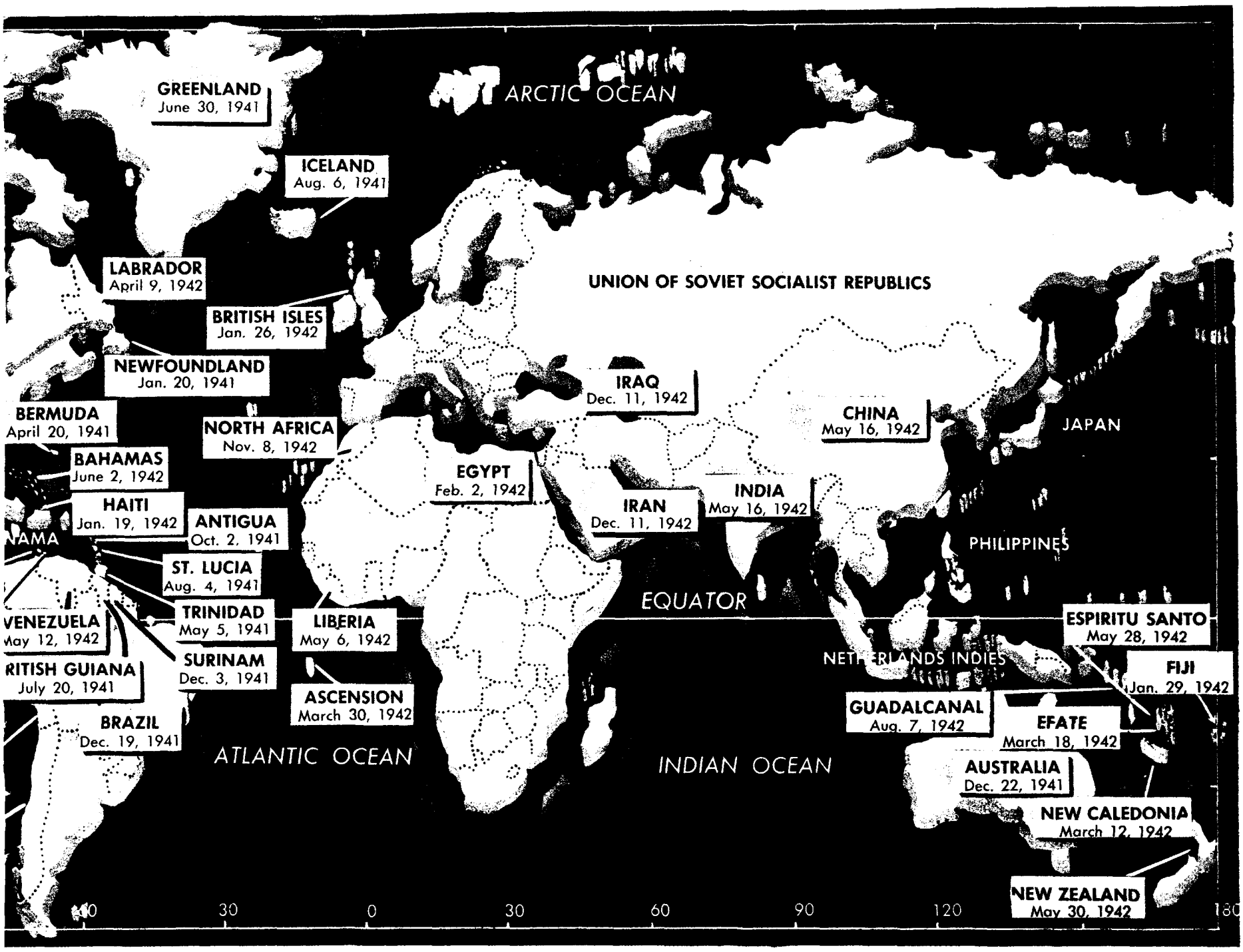

DEPLOYMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS all over the world as shown in Gen. Marshall's report, with the date of the arrival of first contingent in each location. We also have foreign bases in New Guinea, numerous Solomon islands, Sicily, Italy, Trobriand and Woodlark. The Aleutians belong to the U. S.

single restricted field at Gibraltar which could have been put out of action by the enemy in less than an hour. The risk had to be taken. The Allies had to penetrate an 800-mile coast line and a vast hinterland with only 107,000 men open to what could well have been a disastrous Axis attack through Spain.

It was desired to carry out the North African landing operation early in the fall but it was necessary to delay until November in order to receive a large number of craft from the shipyards and provide and train the crews for the operation of these vessels. Some of the larger vessels did not become available until a week before the convoys sailed.

Three task forces were formed. One entirely American (the 3d Infantry and 2d Armored Divisions and a major part of the 9th Infantry Division reinforced with supporting arms and services) sailed directly from the United States and carried out landings on the west coast of Morocco. Another of American troops (1st Infantry Division and one-half of the 1st Armored Division) escorted by the British Navy sailed from Great Britain and landed in the vicinity of Oran. The third, a combined British-American ground force (the U. S. troops here were two combat teams from the 34th and 9th Infantry Divisions and a Ranger battalion) escorted by the British Navy sailed from the British Isles and landed at Algiers.

Gen. Eisenhower organized a combined staff in London and directed the planning.

Each task force proceeded on the assumption that determined resistance must be expected. They were under orders not to fire until fired upon. A code signal "Play Ball" was to be broadcast to the entire force at the first hostile act on the part of the French in any sector.

Facts and Figures

DESPITE lightning growth of the Army, the health record has shown a constant improvement. The record for the fiscal year 1943 was better than that for 1942, and both represented peak attainments.

Radical changes have been made in tactical units to meet the requirements of modern war. Motorized divisions have been eliminated, the transportation formerly a part of these divisions to be held in a pool to meet a special situation. Horse and mechanized cavalry regiments have also been eliminated by substituting motorized separate squadrons. Nondivisional units (except infantry, horse cavalry and armored elements) are being organized in battalions or smaller formations, with command groups capable of directing the operations of two to eight such units. Emphasis is now upon combat teams, organized to meet specific requirements of battle.

Britain has greatly reversed lend-lease. Within the United Kingdom, in one year alone, 1,500,000 ship tons of material, and additional construction assistance, were provided United States forces; these supplies would have required more than 500 fully loaded American ships to transport to our troops in Britain.

The United States has delivered over 3,000 planes, 2,400 tanks, 109,000 submachine guns, 16,000 jeeps, 80,000 trucks, 7,000 motorcycles, 130,000 field telephones and 75,000 tons of explosives to Russia.

By July 1, 1943, over 1,000 of our heavy bombers were based in the United Kingdom. Each American bombing mission generally totaled 300 planes or more.

The task force that landed on Attu against the Japs was a portion of the 7th Infantry Division, reinforced.

Following the fall of Dunkirk in 1940, the British were practically defenseless in land strength. All their field army equipment was gone. The United States hurriedly sent what equipment it could, most of it very old: Lee Enfield rifles, Browning automatic rifles and machine guns, 75-mm artillery, with limited ammunition, and TNT of World War stock.

Blockade running by the Allies during the perilous days of Bataan was on a strictly cash basis. Ship owners and crews in Java, Timor and New Guinea refused U. S. Governmental checks, demanding cash before carrying medicine, munitions and other supplies to our forces on Bataan. Cash had to be flown across Africa and India.

What Happened to Those Tanks?

ARMORED Force GIs, still wondering what happened to those 51 tanks and 28 105-mm guns suddenly taken from them without explanation during maneuvers in the spring of 1942, found the answer in Gen. Marshall's report. Replacing a shipment that had been torpedoed in mid-ocean, they were rushed to the British Eighth Army and played an important part in the offensive against Rommel at El Alamein.

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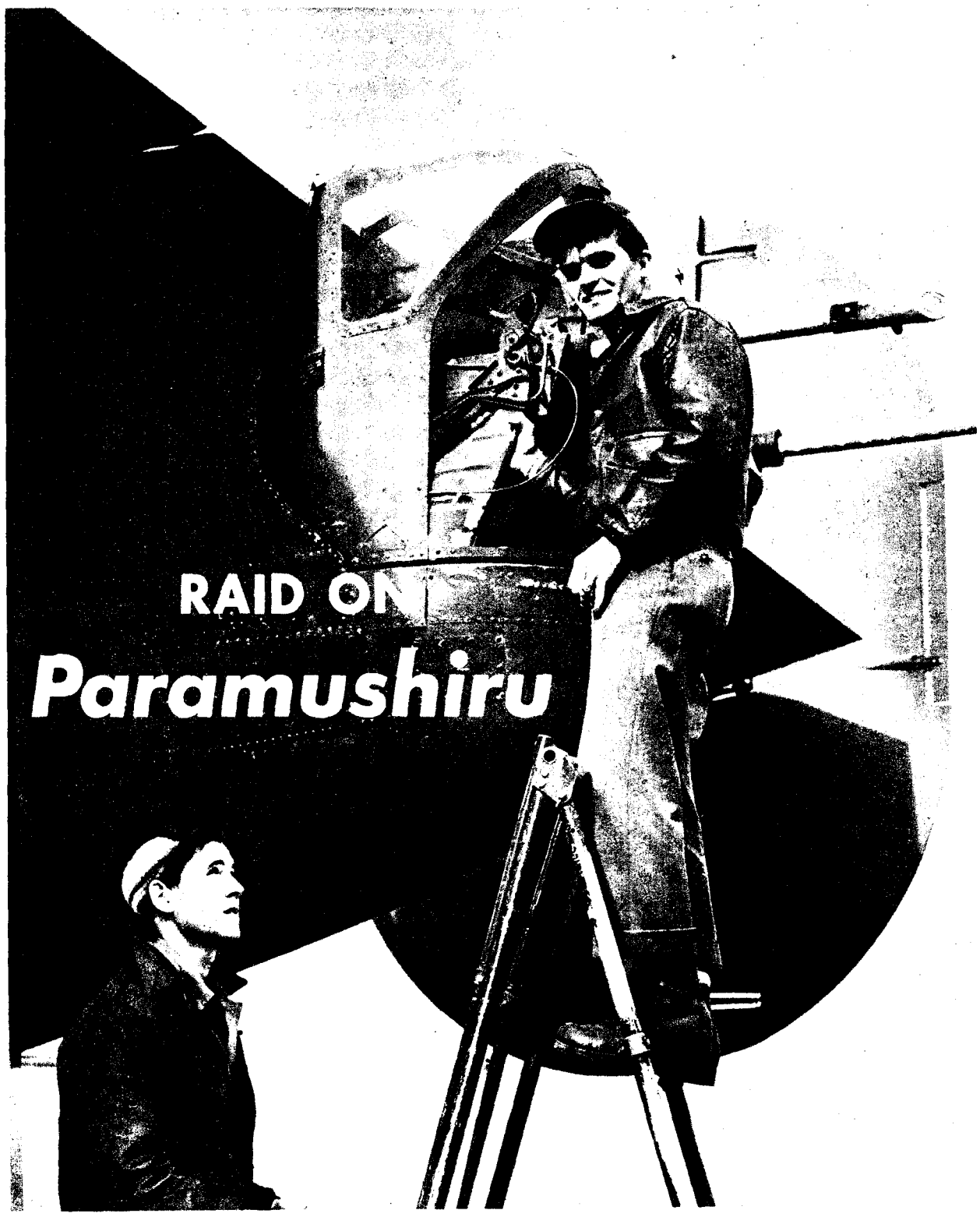


RAID ON Paramushiru

Sgt. David L. Carter (left) and S/Sgt. Walter Succov, the gunners who got themselves a Zero at Paramushiru.

They didn't mind when the Jap hit their No. 4 engine; it was already dead, anyway.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATTU—Nobody's orders read that he's got to bomb Japan on three engines.

But this gang did it, shot down two Zeros and would like to try the stunt again some time—with four engines.

Iron-handed 2d Lt. Bob Lockwood of Entiat, Wash., took his crippled B-24 on a bomb run through a storm of antiaircraft fire and a swarm of Zeros over Paramushiru, major Jap base in the Kurile Islands just north of Japan. Then the Liberator, still on three motors, negotiated the lone journey back over the long cold sea stretches to their American base in the Aleutians.

"Wasn't much to it, really," understated Sgt. David L. Carter, belly turret gunner from Bonham, Tex. This was only his second bombing mission, but he knew the taste of enemy steel. On his first, some weeks earlier, his ship's tail had been chewed up by Jap flak over Kiska.

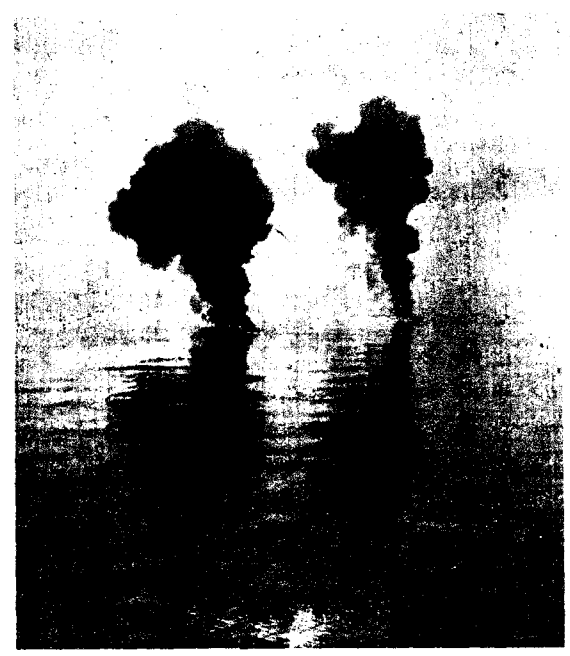
"Biggest trouble was that our No. 4 engine suddenly went out on us about 20 minutes before we were scheduled to sight Paramushiru," Carter said. "Right then, we knew we didn't have to go through with it. Nobody's orders read that he's got to bomb Japan on three engines."

In fact, from his perch in the greenhouse, 2d Lt. Merle F. Arthur of Portland, Oreg., the navigator, jokingly shouted over the interphone: "Thirty-six degrees is the course to Russia, boys!" But Lt. Lockwood took it seriously.

"Not a chance," he yelled. "We didn't come all this distance for nothing. We'll make a bomb run."

Lt. John Collins, the bombardier, up there alongside Arthur, was worried over the drift caused by the uneven pull of the two props cranking away on one side against only one on the other. He wasn't sure what that would do to his aim through the bombsight.

"That dead No. 4 engine had thrown us miles behind the rest of the flight," said S/Sgt. Walter Succov, top turret gunner from Coral Gables, Fla. "They'd all done their business and were zooming for altitude about five minutes before. And here we were, just starting a solo bomb run on three engines."



Downed Zero burns in the sea off Paramushiru.

Succov, once a handy man in the Florida night-club traffic, was no novice in the business of bombardment. Six times he had sat in on deliveries to Attu, and he'd been on 28 milk runs over Kiska when the Japs held that island.

"The second those clouds broke open," said Succov, "we started drawing flak from four AA batteries on shore. It was hot stuff, concentrated as hell. Then the battle wagons in the strait went to work on us. That harbor was crammed with ships. If we'd cruised around up there for two hours, you couldn't have counted 'em all."

On the interphone, bombardier Collins warned: "Taking over!"

Like a camera shutter, the clouds spread open a big round hole. Eleven thousand feet below lay the big Naval base of Kataoka on the southern fringe of 18-mile-long Shimushu Island. Ships wriggled over Paramushiru Strait and Kashiwabara Bay like splintery organisms in a drop of water on a microscope slide. Buildings and tents and dock installations etched a spiny pattern along the Shimushu shore, and a wide brown scratch was the Jap Navy's airfield.

"Our bombs exploded on or near one of the ships in the harbor," said Sgt. Carter. "I saw the ship roll over in the water, then blow all to hell."

Carter had been instructed to climb out of his belly turret and retract it as soon as possible after the bomb run to cut down wind resistance.

"When I climbed out, I saw Alvarado trying to get something over to me. Finally I made out what he was trying to shout at me. Zeros!"

Sgt. Guadalupe Alvarado, who used to conduct his own orchestra in Chicago, was on his second attack on Paramushiru.

"I looked over the side through the waist window and saw 'em," Carter continued. "They were just taking off. They were squirting into the air four and five abreast, straight out of their revetments, almost directly across the runway.

"Lockwood dropped her into a long dive to gain speed, and I made a dive for my turret. I raised the gun slightly toward the tail. No time to hook up my interphone. There was a Zero hot on our tail. I could see tracers flying directly at the Jap but falling short."

That was Succov, above Carter and to the rear, blazing away with his tail guns, feeling for range.

But the Jap wouldn't come in. Succov was doing too good a job of prodding him off. The Jap in the cockpit kept opening up, however, with small-caliber stuff. He, too, was fishing for range. Then he cut loose with his 20-mm cannon.

"I could see a thin wisp of smoke trailing back over the edge of his wings, and sharp flashes. They didn't look good at all. I framed him in my sight, range or no range, and fired a burst of 60 rounds. At the same instant Succov got the range, and every one of our slugs went home.

"When I saw our tracers needling into him, his flashes stopped. The whole plane shimmered, as if he couldn't keep it under control. Then it nosed up, pulled into a lazy stall and banked right. Smoke poured out of the cowling. I watched him topple through a cloud, spin into the open and break into flames."

A second Zero zoomed up to gain altitude for a head-on charge. The Jap's machine guns spit a stream of metal at the Liberator's nose but scored only one hit—one bullet in the No. 4 engine, already long dead.

Lt. Arthur waited until the Zero closed in, then squeezed out six short bursts. The Jap flipped into a wing-over, roared into a climb, then exploded into five flaming fragments.

About 100 miles out of Paramushiru, while fuel was being transferred from the dead engine to No. 3, something went amiss. T/Sgt. Clifford Davis of Sidney, Nebr., the engineer, shouted: "Now which engine has cut out?"

S/Sgt. Alex Lasson, up in the top turret, yelled out: "All three of 'em!"

"Seemed like they were out for about 50 years," said Carter, "but I guess it couldn't have been more than three seconds. We glided like a brick from about 200 feet over the water to less than 60 feet. I was all ready to take a salt drink."

"I was looking forward to a posthumous Purple Heart myself," said Succov, "but Davis kept slapping away at his switches, and suddenly the three motors cracked back at him."

"And outside of that," Carter concluded, grinning, "I guess the trip was uneventful."

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Yanks Free Chinese Workers Brought By Japs to New Georgia

MUNDA, NEW GEORGIA—There's a kid called Pee Wee down here who wears staff sergeant's stripes, an oversized sun helmet and GI shoes that turn up at the toes. In the chow line he has to reach up to dip his mess kit into a GI can of boiling water.

Pee Wee is 15 years old, and for the past two years he has been away from his native China doing forced labor for the Japanese Army. He and several other Chinese workmen were released by the Yank soldiers who overran Munda Beach, fought their way to the airfield and eventually cleared this entire island of enemy forces.

As the Jap troops scattered, the Chinese laborers hid until our GIs found them during the mop-up. Technically the Chinese are now civilian employees of the Army, and they receive room and board, plus pay amounting to $7 a month. They will help the American soldiers settle down here to stay.

Pee Wee, whose trade-mark is a big grin accompanied by a salute given with either hand, was picked up by the Japs when he was 13 years old. They shipped him out of his home district of Fansan in Canton Province, by way of Hong Kong, with a load of horses. Pee Wee worked as a groom. Other boys of his age were shipped out at the same time.

The lad had never been out of his village before and he's still a little vague about where he is. Because of his youth, Pee Wee says, the Japs didn't beat him "as they did the others." While the Japs held New Georgia, Pee Wee was made to work as a dog robber for the officers.

All of the Chinese laborers here were yanked off the Hong Kong streets, apparently at random, by Jap troops not long after the city fell to the enemy. The Chinese were herded into detention camps and almost immediately loaded aboard boats for shipment to Jap bases.

One of the other Chinese laborers here, a 49-year-old Hong Kong construction worker, said the Japs told him "not to worry" because he was being sent on a job that would not last "more than 10 days." He was promised 70 *sen* a day (about 18 American cents), and during the time he was with the Jap Army, he said, he received 120 *yen*. About 50 *yen* ($10.50) was taken back by the Japs, who said they would send it to his family in China. He doesn't know whether the folks back home ever got the money.

Another Chinese laborer and his 19-year-old assistant were picked up while working as painters outside their home city of Hong Kong. They were promised the same 70 *sen* per day, but in a year and a half they received only one day's wages.

In assigning the Chinese to jobs, the Japs apparently used hit-and-miss tactics, without too much consideration to the jobs the laborers used to hold. A carpenter became a water carrier, a painter was made a cook and a construction worker was told to forage for papaya and taro to feed Jap troops.

None of the Chinese laborers speaks English, but that situation is being remedied as fast as the GIs can pump phrases into them. The painter, known locally as Charley, is the best student of the new language. His vocabulary consists mainly of "good morning," "thank you" and "okay." But all of the Chinese, apparently content with U. S. Army life until they can return home, understand one word. That's the most popular term of all—"chow-chow."

—SGT. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

SOUTH PACIFIC INFANTRYMAN

A profile of Sgt. Kevin McCarthy, section leader of two machine-gun squads in Company H, 164th Infantry, a typical Guadalcanal veteran who is now waiting to finish the fight against the Japanese. "It's like going to the dentist," he says. "You don't like it, but you know it has to be done."

This Week's Cover

PFC. Raymond San Juan, a full-blooded Indian from Albuquerque, N. Mex., holds a "home-made" weapon at the Ranger and Combat School in Hawaii. Before "students" were graduated, they were required to fashion an original weapon capable of killing a man. San Juan's seems able to do that.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. John Bushemi. 4—Signal Corps. 6—Upper, Sgt. Georg Meyers; lower—Cpl. Ernest Stepper, Eleventh Air Force. 7—Pfc. Chester Anderson. 8 & 9—Sgt. Bushemi. 10 & 11—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 12 & 13—Sgt. Pete Paris. 18—Upper left, Sgt. John Frano; upper right, PRO, Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.; center left, 92d Infantry Division, Fort Huachuca, Ariz.; center right, Camp Beale, Calif.; lower left, Sgt. Frano; center right, Moore Field, Tex. 19—Upper left, AAF School of Applied Tactics, Orlando, Fla.; lower left, Acme; right, Sgt. Frano. 20—Columbia Pictures. 21—Paramount Pictures. 23—Upper right, INP; center right and lower left, Acme.

Yanks Win International Fame As Linguists, Even in New Guinea

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—New Guinea natives, meeting an Australian Commando who couldn't speak pidgin English, decided he must be an American because he didn't know the language.

Sgt. Bill Chaffey of the Australian Imperial Forces, a New South Wales legislator before he enlisted, landed at Wau by transport plane in an area entirely strange to him.

"We could not speak a word of pidgin," Sgt. Chaffey says, "and the natives wouldn't accept us as Australians. They knew we weren't Japs by the looks of us, but we were still foreigners to them, because all the Australians they had met before could speak pidgin.

"They decided we must be Americans, and called us 'Man belong America,' while Australians were known as 'Man belong Sydney.' That suited us because we wanted the Japs to think American troops were there, too.

"Over near Salamaua the natives eventually realized we were Australians, but to distinguish us from those who could speak pidgin, they called us 'Man belong America belong Sydney.'"

The Australian Commandos raided Jap installations in the Salamaua area around Mubo and in the Markham valley near Lae.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Nobody but the Editors Read The *Naga Hills Gazette* in India

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—A handful of Yanks at an Army outpost on the Burma border are editors and readers of that journalistic rarity—a newspaper with a 100-percent circulation.

The *Naga Hills Gazette* is a cooperative four-page venture printed by "pencil press." The handwriting process is necessary because printing presses and even mimeograph machines are not GI at this outpost.

The garrison's original members made a two-week trek across mountains and through jungles to reach their camp site. Food was dropped to them by plane during the trip. Deliveries are still made that way. When bad weather held up the food plane a couple of days, the *Gazette* came out with a four-column "scare head" announcing "FAMINE AT STATION 8."

Here are some of the "society notes" from a recent issue: "The American colony in the Naga Hills will have a pet show Sunday. No pets less domesticated than monkeys or jackals are eligible . . . T/Sgt. P. J. Kunz has changed his coveralls and is now the best-dressed man in camp."

The *Gazette* also boasts a flourishing classified-ad business, with leech cures and mosquito remedies as the principal "For Sale" items.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pfc. Irwin Houghton (otherwise Bonanza Bill) and partner. They seem to have struck it rich in Australia.

Medic Finds Gold in Them Thar Australian Hills

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—A few weeks ago Pfc. Irwin (Bonanza Bill) Houghton was just another medic amid the pots and bedpans of a general hospital here. Today he is potentially one of the wealthiest men in Australia.

A former hard-rock and sluice miner in California, Bill returned from a recent leave in the Australian back country lugging samples of what may prove to be the richest lode discovery on this continent. Three experts, including Pvt. "Hardrock" Perkins of Las Vegas, Nev., have assayed the ore, and one estimate ran as high as $20,000 a ton.

Bill had planned his trip for a long time and, after a week of prospecting in the wilderness, was rewarded with the discovery that there was gold in them thar hills, as he had suspected. In the excitement of the gold strike, he lost track of the time and booted his nag more than 40 miles the last day, only to get back one full day before his leave expired.

As he rode into camp, a plane roared low overhead. His pony, burdened with ore, axes, pans, hammers, bedding and chow utensils, gathered its remaining strength and raced madly down the company street, scattering borrowed equipment at every step.

With the location of the ore lode locked in his brain, Houghton intends to wait until the war is over before he stakes out what he hopes will be the most lucrative claim in his mining experience.

—Sgt. DON BREWER
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Born to the jungle, he can stick a knife in your back before you know he's on the same island, covers 30 miles a day over tough terrain, often has five "wives" and admires Joe E. Brown.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SUVA, FIJI ISLANDS—When the bushy-haired, broad-shouldered native *bula* boys line up for their Army physical down here, they have not received a "greeting" from a committee of their friends and neighbors. There are no draft boards in the Fijis.

The village chief or *ratu* simply summons a group of the town's huskiest youths to his *bure* and says in Fijian: "Boys, I want you to join the Army." If a *bula* wants to stay healthy, he does not argue.

In a one-piece khaki uniform, his hair shorn to regulation 1½-inch length, and with a few months of training behind him, the Fijian is one of the best jungle fighters in the South Pacific.

He can live indefinitely on the roots and plants he finds in the fields; he can travel 28 to 30 miles a day over the toughest terrain; he can move so swiftly and silently through dense undergrowth that not even the most acute ear can detect his presence; he can build shelter out of jungle leaves and reeds; he can look at a footprint, a broken twig or a dead fire in the bush and tell how long it has been since someone passed that way. And he can kill ruthlessly and quietly with a knife or a blow from the butt of his gun. All this was proved on Guadalcanal.

For days after the first handful of Fijian guerrillas landed at a point near Henderson Field last December, every *bula* asked his captain, a 24-year-old New Zealand farmer, "*Vana kai Japi?*", which means "Can we kill Japs?"

As regularly as he was asked, the captain replied, "*Sega, sega!*" ("No, no!") The *bula's* job, he would explain, was to operate on scouting and reconnaissance missions just ahead of and behind enemy lines, and to observe and report on Nip strength.

He told them they were to move 800 or 1,000 yards ahead of advancing columns of American troops, and to serve as a protective screen while the Yanks moved through the jungle. If heavy enemy installations were discovered, they were to sound the warning, but they were to keep their presence a secret from the Japanese as long as possible.

Early in January, however, the *bulas* had their chance to kill. The New Zealand captain, a New Zealand sergeant and six Fijian scouts were on an advance patrol up the Lunga River on Guadalcanal when they encountered a party of four Nips carrying dynamite to Henderson Field to blow up American planes.

The Japs did not see the scouting party, and the captain whispered to his nearest scout, "*Vana-take!*" ("Fire!")

Within a split second there were two shots, and two Japs were lying lifeless on the ground. Cpls. Emosi and Sailasa had shared the honor of shooting the first two Nips. The other two were dead a few seconds later. None of the four knew what had hit him.

In all, the Fijians shot and killed almost 100 Japs on the 'Canal, not counting the incalculable hundreds who died as a result of *bula* patrol and reconnaissance work. Not a Fijian was killed or wounded in 2½ months of front-line activity.

After five days here with Fijian infantrymen and guerrillas in training for further South Pacific action, it was easy to see why on Guadalcanal the troops said that "a *bula* can smell a Jap a mile away."

As the officer in charge of the guerrilla training program declared, "These boys are born to the jungle. All we have to do is teach them to shoot, and that's simple."

Nine out of 10 of the men inducted into the Fijian Military Forces had spent their lives in small villages not far from the jungle, where they fished and hunted roots for their food. They had never even seen a rifle, never worn shoes and never had a haircut.

Like any other recruits, the Fijians are first taught close- and extended-order drill. After three weeks they are issued British service rifles and taken to a range.

Orders are given in English, since almost all the Fijians have had at least two or three years in British-operated schools on the islands. Lectures are given in Fijian, which most of the New Zealand noncoms have learned to speak fluently, or in English, with an interpreter translating the instructions into Fijian.

At first the *bulas* refuse to believe that guns are dangerous weapons. Since they can't see the bullet's flight, they think the only way to use their rifle is as a striking instrument. Once they see the target they've hit and recover from the initial shock of hearing fire, they develop into excellent shots.

Pvt. Apisai Ravoilita with a Bren gun.

A Fijian corporal drills his squad in a coconut grove.

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Fiji Fighter

In recent rifle competition with Anzac troops, the Fijians won three events out of five. Most of them are also taught to use the British-made Bren machine gun, the Thompson submachine gun and in some cases the American M1.

They have at least a week of unarmed combat training, jujitsu, kicking, biting and hitting with the bare fist. They are issued a Commando knife but need no instructions on its use. Only 75 years ago their ancestors were still engaging in occasional cannibalism, and a knife is part of every young Fijian's inheritance from his father.

Then they begin the long, arduous toughening-up process, starting with what they think are short hikes of 20 miles daily and gradually lengthening in time and distance. Twice a week they are on all-night maneuvers.

Recently one battalion made a 5-day, 100-mile trip through the bush, tapering off with a final march into camp and then passing in review before high-ranking United Nations officers. Only one man dropped out, though nine others had to be sent back on doctor's orders.

On the last day of the march a strapping corporal bet two of his fellow *bulas* a carton of American cigarettes that he could carry a complete 3-inch mortar, weighing about 123 pounds, the last 25 miles. They laughed. The corporal picked up the mortar and won the cigarettes, which he immediately distributed among the rest of the company.

The Fijian is unbelievably generous. He never steals and he never gambles for money, but the day after pay day he is always broke. He simply gives his money away to anyone who needs it or asks him for it.

In his village he has lived a completely communal life. No one in the *koro* owns any property. The land, all the houses and almost everything in them belong to the *koro* as a whole. Work is divided fairly by the *ratu*. Some men are designated as fishermen, some build *bures* or houses. Others become planters, while a few work in the gold mines.

A Melanesian, the Fijian is big and rawboned, with a magnificent physique. In one infantry company there is not a man under 6 feet tall. A Fijian swims practically as soon as he can walk. He is a fine athlete, playing rugby football and soccer, and hanging up a good mark in the 100-yard dash.

White troops here say the Fijian soldier has "cat eyes" and can see better at night than in the daytime. With the exception of the few natives who live in and near large villages like Suva, the average Fijian never sees electric lights until he gets in the Army. He spends his evenings in the dark.

Recreation is no problem. On the march and in camp in the evening, the *bula* sings for hours at a time. Once in a while he sees an American movie. His favorite stars are comedians, like the Marx Brothers and Charlie Chaplin, whose humor is broad and mainly pantomime. Joe E. Brown was a sensation during his visit here. The Fijian takes considerable pride in the size of his own mouth. Brown was immediately made an honorary *ratu* in several camps.

Occasionally a Fijian soldier will get to know and like American firewater, but usually he prefers *yaqona*, a beverage prepared from the cava root. *Yaqona* acts as a mild laxative when taken in small quantities. In excess, it may cause your knees to collapse, but it doesn't affect the brain.

On Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when a Fijian soldier is stationed near home, he may be visited by his family or sweethearts. He usually has several of the latter, and some soldiers have requested allotments for as many as five "wives" apiece.

The Fiji soldier has one 10-day furlough every year and one week-end leave every three months while in training. The only disciplinary problem arises from his very loose idea of time. One day is pretty much the same as another, and until a couple of men in his company have been punished, the average Fijian is likely to overstay his leave a week or so.

Except for their tribal battles before the British took over these islands in 1874, the Fijians have never been in a war. A handful volunteered for service with the Anzacs in the last World War and a few have joined the French Foreign Legion. Among the several Fijian commissioned officers are Capt. *Ratu* Edward Cakobau and Lt. *Ratu* George Cakobau, both direct descendants of King Cakobau, last of the Fijian rulers. They were educated in British schools and colleges.

"Our people," one of the officers declared, "are not warlike. We are not expert in mass action or with mechanized equipment. We are not mechanically minded, but give one of our soldiers a knife, rifle or tommy gun and tell him what you want, and he'll do it or die trying."

As a result of experiences on Guadalcanal, the officers are now emphasizing scouting and patrol work. The Fijians are taught landing operations in native canoes, which move more silently than our own landing boats. Special lessons are given to the soldiers in demolition work, sniping from trees and shooting from the hip. Little training is given in motorized and armored equipment.

"The ideal," according to the New Zealand captain in charge, "is to arm the Fijian with a light hand weapon and his inevitable knife and send him out alone or with a small party. He can exist indefinitely with the rations he can carry with him, find in the jungle or steal from the Japs."

Recently the guerrillas went through an all-night maneuver in cooperation with the Yank troops at a certain camp on the Fijian island of Viti Levu. The American guards were doubled at every post, and the *bulas* were given pieces of white chalk and instructed to mark with a cross every objective they could destroy under battle conditions.

It was a clear moonlit night, and the Americans were on the alert. But nothing happened. It was easy to see, they told each other before daybreak, that the *bulas* had failed.

As the sun came up, the guards said nothing at all; they merely blushed. On the seat of the trousers of the sergeant of the guard was a large unmistakable white cross. Every military objective in the camp was chalked. In an orderly room in which two men had been on duty all night, the four chairs and table were all marked with chalk crosses.

But the mess sergeant suffered the final indignity. He had risen early to bake cakes for dinner that day, and as he lifted the six cake pans from the oven, each tin had a distinct white cross on the bottom.

A New Zealand major points out a notice addressed to his Fijian infantrymen.

Cpl. Waqa Watsoni spends furlough with wife, five children and father-in-law.

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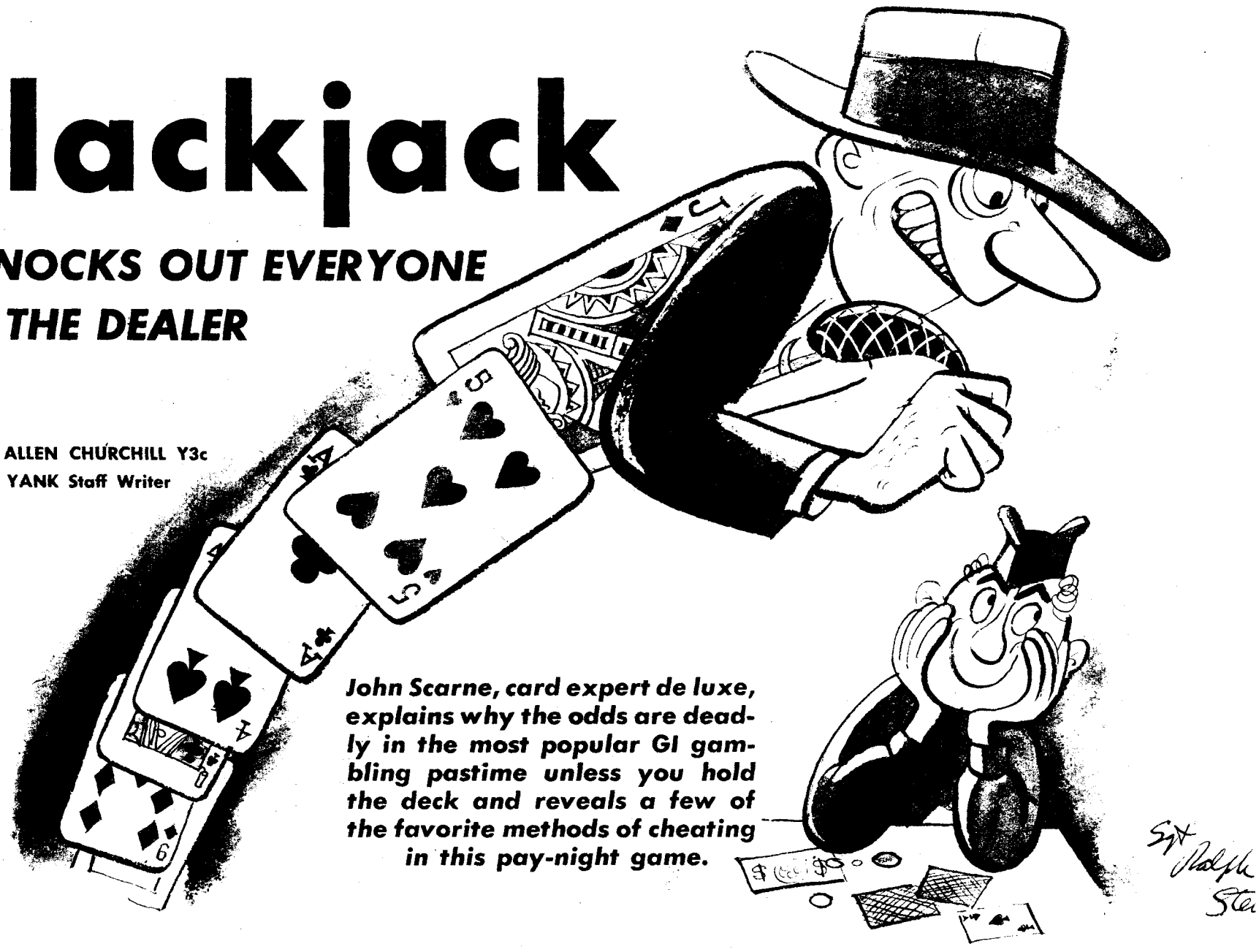
Blackjack

IT KNOCKS OUT EVERYONE BUT THE DEALER

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer



John Scarne, card expert de luxe, explains why the odds are deadly in the most popular GI gambling pastime unless you hold the deck and reveals a few of the favorite methods of cheating in this pay-night game.

BLACKJACK was the most popular card game in the last war. This time it is just as popular, probably more so, because it can be played by any GI, sailor or marine who can count as high as 21 and has 25 cents in his pocket.

But there is another reason for blackjack's popularity in the armed forces. No other card game gives the dealer a bigger break for less effort, and a smart gambler easily gets to be the dealer. John Scarne, gambling sleuth extraordinary and soldiers' guide in matters of card trickery, says that gamblers, inside the Army and out, prefer holding the blackjack bank to playing any other card game. The task of separating a GI from his dough in blackjack is so simple that it is almost honest.

Also, blackjack is an easy game for cheating. The top card is the one that matters, so marked cards, second dealing, stacking false cuts and all the other tricks that Scarne has exposed in YANK come in handier here than anywhere else.

First let's find out why professional gamblers like blackjack. Roughly the answer is that the percentage is in their favor and can be made more so by innumerable slick methods. How? We'll show you by example.

Something all serious blackjack players have seen is the sign above the blackjack board in a gambling house. It informs soldiers what a swell break the house gives them when they play blackjack. Here is one such sign copied from the wall of a gambling house patronized by soldiers:

BLACKJACK PAYS 3 TO 2
ALL TIES STAND OFF
DEALER MUST STAY ON 17
16 OPTIONAL
PRIZES ON $1 BETS—
$5 FOR ACE AND JACK OF SPADES
$5 FOR 6-7-8 OF SAME SUIT

From reading that, soldier, you don't see how you can lose any dough—which is exactly what the house wants you to think. But let Scarne break this chart down and you will understand why you are always baffled when you walk away from the blackjack table not badly bent, but broke.

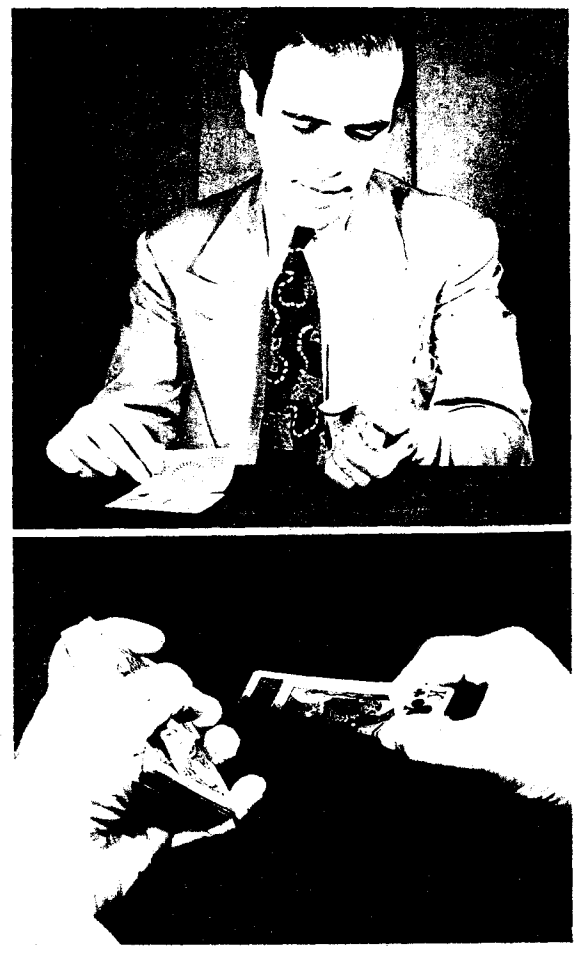
Blackjack Pays 3 to 2. That is, the bank pays you $1.50 for $1 if you make blackjack, which seems mighty square of them. But stop and figure it out. Your chances of making blackjack are 1 out of 21 deals. At this rate, you get a bonus of only 50 cents on every $21 you throw away!

Dealer Must Stay on 17. This rule is made (by the dealers) to prevent dealers from drawing too many cards and going over 21. Why not let the dealer draw? Because the odds are greatly against his making 21 from 17. Once he has 17, there are only 16 cards (or fewer) in the pack that will better his hand. But there are 34 cards that will put him over. Therefore, if he tries to better 17, the odds are at least 2⅛-1 that he will go over.

16 Is Optional. This means the dealer may stay or draw on 16. Reason for the ruling is to lessen the dealer's chances of overdrawing by making 15, instead of 16, the highest number the dealer must draw to.

Prizes on $1 Bets. *$5 for Ace and Jack of Spades.* Natural result of this is that players try to

PEEKING means seeming to look at card on table, actually peeking at card on top of deck. Above: top peek as it looks to player and dealer.



SIDE PEEK, also favored by crooks, is so fast it's almost impossible to detect. To catch peeking, watch closely the direction of dealer's eyes.

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win the $5 bets and consequently play for dollars when ordinarily they would play for quarters. Odds against winning the $5 bet, in case you are too busy to figure them out, are 1,325-1. *$5 for 6-7-8 of the Same Suit.*—Same psychology here. You bet dollars instead of quarters. And the odds here are 5,524-1. All told, the chances of getting a prize on the ace and jack of spades, or on the 6-7-8 of the same suit (not necessarily spades), are 1,068-1.

All Ties Stand Off. This says that the dealer does not take the player's money if the two tie. Which is all right as far as it goes; the only trouble is it doesn't quite mean what it says. It is true that if there is a tie at 21 or lower, the dealer never takes the player's money. But—and the "but" here is a big one—what happens when player and dealer tie over 21? If all ties *are* stand off, as the sign says, the dealer should not take the player's dough if they tie over 21. But when a GI goes over, the dealer doesn't wait to see if there will be a tie. He grabs the player's money the minute the cards go over.

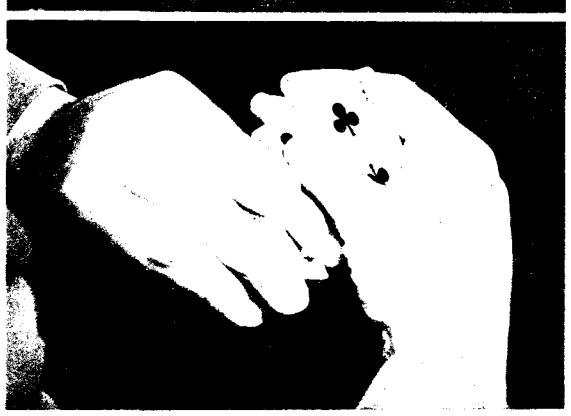
Here is the crux of the hidden percentage that works so heavily in the dealer's favor—the real reason gamblers like blackjack. It makes blackjack the only game where the player gambles against two opponents at the same time. How so? First, he is playing against himself to see how close he can come to 21. Second, he is playing against the dealer to see if he can beat *him*. Anybody who plays against the dealer is 50 percent licked when he starts.

Let's illustrate this a little further. Say you are a player who has been dealt 15 in the cards in his hand. You decide to ask for another card. If you get a 7 or higher, you pay the dealer. Has he beaten you? Soldier, this time you have beaten yourself! If you draw a 6 or lower, have you won? No, you still must beat the dealer, and the chances are you won't.

To figure the percentage in favor of the dealer in blackjack is impossible. A difference in players makes the job too complex, for some players make a habit of staying on 13-17. But after studying thousands of games Scarne knows that the guy who tries to beat the dealer in blackjack is tackling the impossible.

For proof try doing this: Ask your favorite dealer to draw the first card and, if he goes over 21, to pay off all customers. You will be shown the door so fast it won't be funny. One thing is sure; the only way to win in blackjack is to have the deal. Maybe you can do this in rotating games in camps. You certainly can't get it in a gambling house. The gamblers see to that.

Some blackjack games, in camps and in towns, offer other inducements which "favor" the player. Here is Scarne's break-down of a few more:



TURN-OVER PEEK requires that hole card be picked up and shielded by both hands, while top card in pack slides out for a second.

You can double your bet if you have 11 but can only draw one card. Chances are 2⅛-1 against getting a 10, and the dealer can always tie if you do, which makes your chances even smaller. Then if you draw, say, a low deuce, you have to stay with that weak 13.

Player may split pairs—except aces. Catch here is that aces are only cards worth splitting. It is foolish to split 9s and 10s.

Dealer turns his second card face up. This is supposed to favor the player, but it usually distracts him instead—something the gamblers know. The player tries to figure out what the dealer has and fails to concentrate on his own hand.

The bank uses chips or silver dollars. It's easy to make a house rule that the lowest chip is a dollar. That takes care of the guys who want quarter bets. There just aren't any to be had.

Bets run from 25 cents to $25 only. Accounted a great boon to the boys who may bet too much, this rule also effectively stops all progressive betting and safeguards the house against lucky streaks.

So much for rules and percentages. Now, as we said, there is another hazard in blackjack—the fact that cheating is so easy. Gamblers need only to know the top card, and practically all the methods of cheating that have been described in previous articles are used by one crook or another to learn that top card. Cards are marked, given false shuffles, dealt seconds and dealt from the center. Sleight of hand is used to get the right top card when the wrong one comes along. Palming, hold-outs, nearly everything the crooked gambler knows can be used in blackjack.

There are a few crooked tricks, however, that are particularly suited to the game. Peeking, for example. Peeking is just what the name implies: the dealer peeks at the top card on the deck—the next card to be dealt. Usually he does this while pretending to examine the cards face down before him on the table, for peeking is made easier by the fact that in blackjack the dealer holds the pack in his left hand, moving that hand freely at all times. To peek at the top card in the pack he provides some distraction with his right hand, brings the pack into his line of vision and bends the top card back so that he can see it.

Peeking leads naturally to dealing seconds, which is also made easier by the blackjack tradition that the cards are held in the left hand and dealt with an overhand motion. If a one-hand second dealer peeks at a card he wants himself he merely deals seconds until his own turn comes.

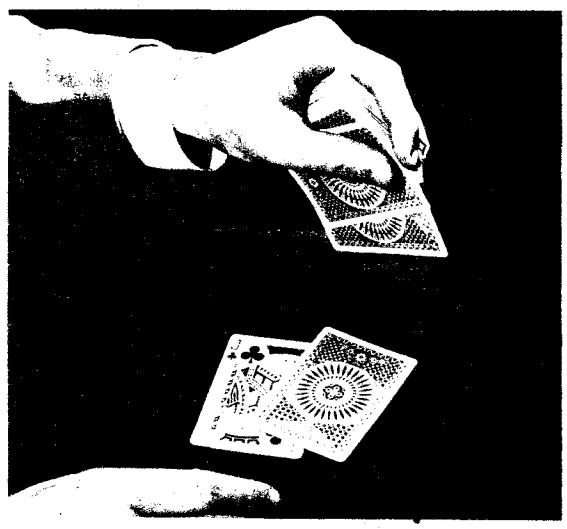
Dealers who can't deal seconds use the services of an "anchor man." Say the dealer has 16. He peeks at the top card and sees a 10. So he turns the hand that holds the pack up, a signal to the anchor man on his right which means "ask for this card." The anchor man asks for a card and gets the 10. This goes on for as long, or as short, a time as it takes the dealer to get the card he wants.

Stacking, that old business of arranging the cards as they are picked up, is also easy in blackjack, where high and low cards are important. Picking up the cards, the dealer arranges them high-low-high and keeps these cards on top of the pack during the shuffle. Then he has a pretty good idea what is coming off the pack next. A more useful, though far more difficult, method of stacking is the "riffle stack." Here the delicate fingers of the sharper are able to slip the right cards into the right place during the riffle. How? As the riffle comes close to the top of the pack, the gambler's left hand stops (imperceptibly) every fifth or sixth card—depending on the number of players—and slips into that place the right card from the bunch in his left hand. This requires great skill. Amateurs better not try.

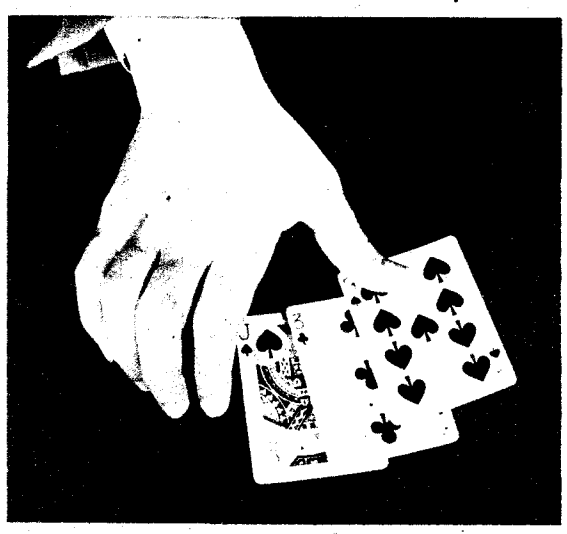
Then, for the gamblers who aren't smart enough to peek or stack, there are ways of finding out the top card by mirrors if the card is moved a bit. Mirrors in rings, on pipes, matchboxes or anything that can be placed on the table near the cards serve this purpose. It is always smart to be suspicious of rings and objects on the table. Look 'em over carefully.

Should you play blackjack, soldier? It is hard to say you shouldn't; the game is a lot of fun. But don't forget that in this game, as in no other, the chances are against you. Scarne advises you not to play blackjack in a gambling house. If you must play, do it in a rotating game, where you will get the deal once in a while. Then maybe you will break even. But chances are you will *never* do better than that!

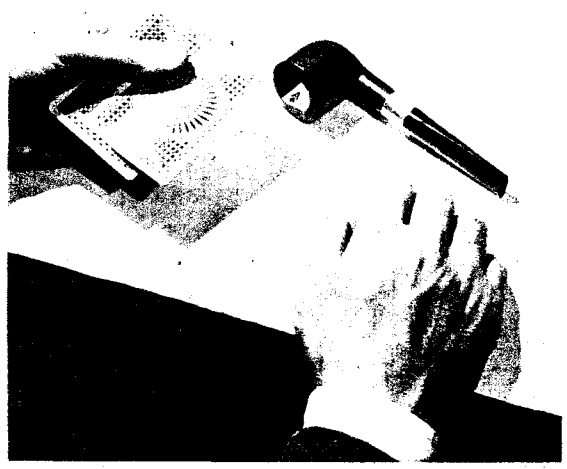
SIGNALING to anchor man. Here Scarne signals "Ask for a card" by holding pack up in left hand. Hand turned down means "don't."



ONE-HANDED second deal is for blackjack only. Reason: the movement of a one-hand deal distracts attention while the card slips out.



STACKING on the pick-up alternates high and low cards, is easy for experienced tricksters who then can gauge cards that are dealt off pack.



SHINERS are mirrors placed in rings, pipes, matchboxes or anything else that can reflect top card. Watch out for shiny metal on table.

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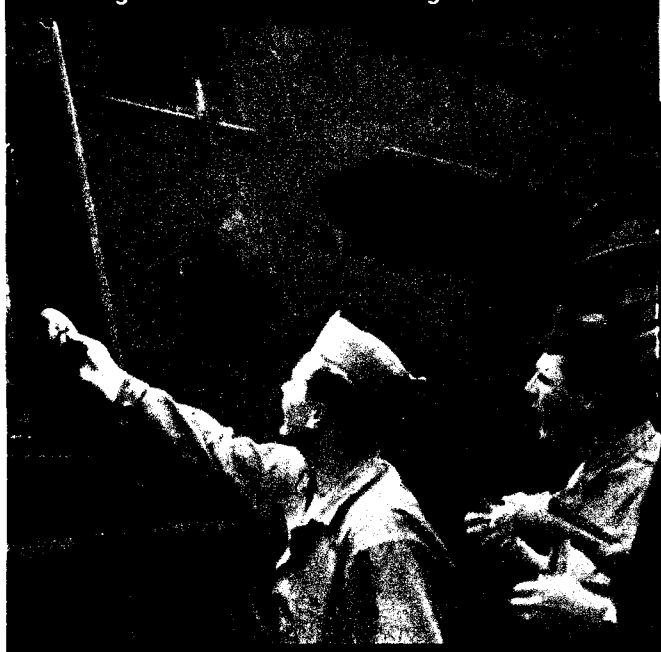
In a city which is starting point for the train.

Sgt. Mac and French colleague check watches.



Engineer gets some instruction from Sgt. Mac.

When the train moves slowly along, Arab children run after it shouting for "shawkalat," "shewing gum" or "bon bon." The cry for chocolate is heard from kids all over North Africa.

GIRR

TWO YANKS TAKE OVER A FRENCH LINE IN NORTH AFRICA

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

NORTH AFRICA — On a railroad in North Africa there is a caboose that once had plush seats. It no longer has plush seats.

But it has an American sergeant and private who live in the caboose and see that the goods get through. The sergeant is Frank S. Mac of Omaha, Nebr., who used to be a switchman for the Union Pacific. The private is Carl Wedan of Galesburg, Ill., who used to be a brakeman on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

Every three days they average a 26-hour trip up and down the great hills of the Atlas Mountains. The caboose that is their home is covered with the dust of Africa; there are cobwebs everywhere; all the windows are broken; plain board benches serve as parlor, bedroom and bath; and on a recent trip their quarters were shared by a large live chicken that was going to become their Sunday dinner.

Between them, Mac and Wedan combine the duties of conductor, brakeman, baggage agent, armed guard, diplomat, cook, interpreter and good-will ambassador to the French and Arabs. Once the train gets going, Mac is in full command, urging the French engineer on to greater efforts with wild blasts on a policeman's whistle.

It is a habit on this railroad, which for a long time has led a leisurely single-track existence, for the engineer to stop at all whistle stops and shake hands with all present. Mac and Wedan get off at the whistle stops, too, and shake hands all around, admiring new babies, saluting veterans of the last war, trading cigarettes and chewing gum for eggs and an occasional chicken.

Then, with the high, hysterical whistle of the French locomotive, which sounds like a maiden lady of 40 being pinched by a stranger in the subway, the 40-and-8s move off, followed at a dead run along the tracks by the thousands of Arab children you find in every village in Africa.

Sgt. Mac and Pvt. Wedan have ridden in the unplushed caboose behind uncounted tons of supplies and uncounted thousands of infantrymen. While the war was still on in Africa, the Germans came over again and again, bombing and strafing. But now the only Germans to be seen are captured Germans, riding glumly in the open cars, back to prisoner-of-war camps.

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A 40-and-8 boxcar makes a good meeting place for a conversation.

Sgt. Mac gives chewing gum to some of his little French girl friends

When the train stops, as it does many times, some of the Yanks leave their crowded cars and take advantage of the lull to make their toilet outside. It's certainly steadier for shaving.

The tracks conduct so much heat that they're as good as a kitchen stove for Pvt. Wedan.

Whenever the troop transport train stops for any length of time some of the population comes out to discuss the weather qnd such.

Another custom during a long stop is for the escorting officer to build a fire so that the traveling soldiers can get their C rations hot.

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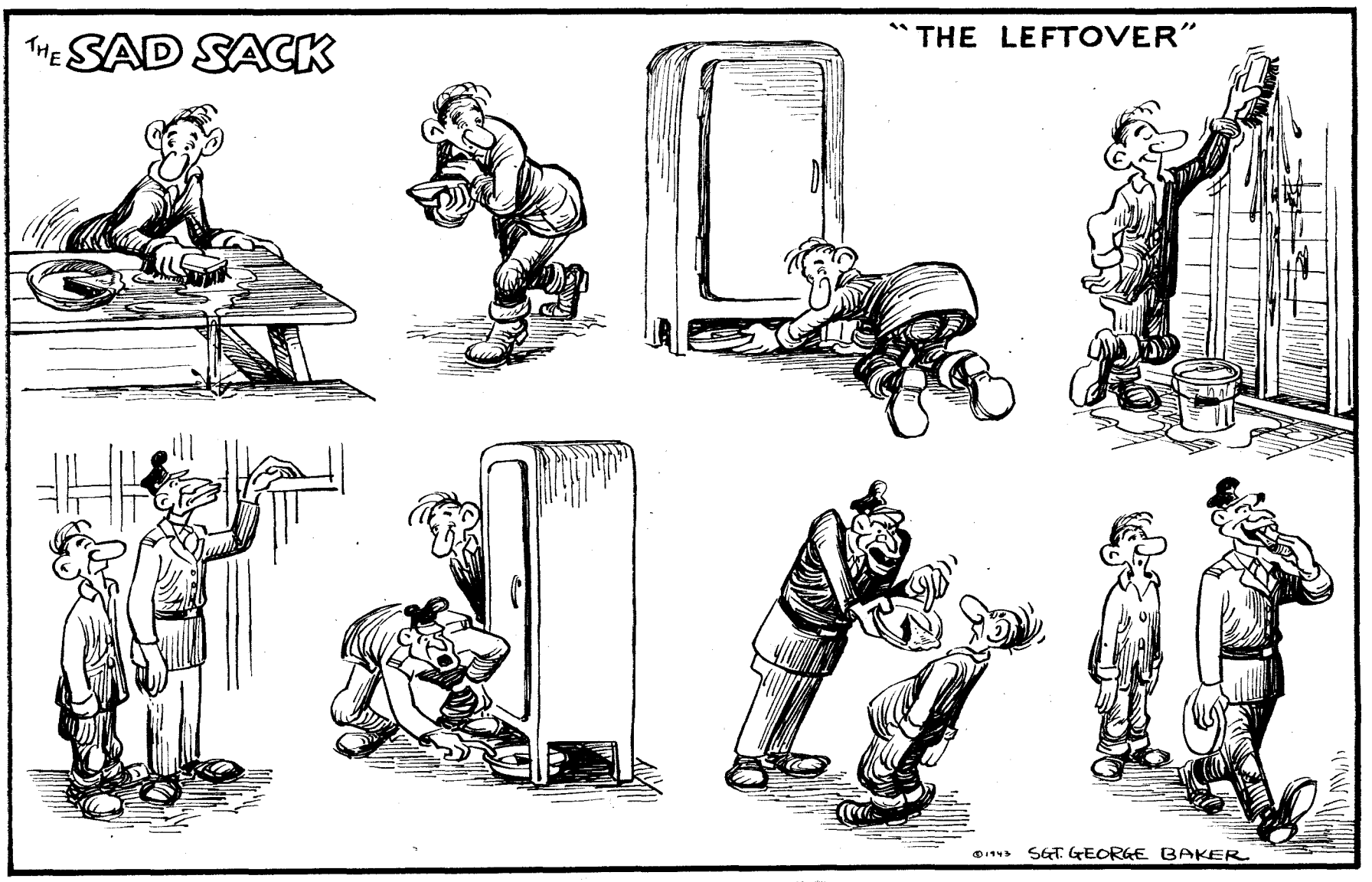

Artie Greengroin, PFC.

ARTIE THE STOIC

"WELL," we said, "you did it again."

"Yerse," Artie Greengroin said. "I done it again."

Artie was digging a ditch with on old and crusty shovel. He was on company punishment for trying to convince the first sergeant that he was a section 8-er. He had barely escaped the clink, had old Artie.

"Are you mad?" we wanted to know.

"Naw, I ain't mad at nobody." Artie said, moodily heaving a shovelful of earth over his head. "I thought it was all over. All great men suffers for principles. Look at Napoleon. Look at me. You suffer for principles, you get resigned to fate."

"Are you resigned to fate?" we asked.

"I'm resigned as all hell to fate," Artie said. "Anybody would be, after the kicking around I been getting from this gawdam blassid rummy of a Army. Honest to gaw, if I had me life to live over again I'd of been a goil, keeping house for some nice man somewheres, with a couple of kids kicking me shins all day. Thass my idea of heaven, when I look back on me pass life." He sunk his shovel deep into the ground and leaned on it.

"You could be having more troubles than you have now," we said.

Artie nodded glumly. "Thass right," he said. "Thass what the philosopher in me keeps saying. 'You could be woise off, Artie,' it says. And I could be. I might even of lost me rank. You know what the captain said? He said, 'Greengroin, to unmake you from a pfc. would be like putting shoeblacking on a piece of tar.' Thass a very pretty figger of speech, ain't it?"

"Very pretty," we said. "Almost beautiful."

"It's good to be unner the command of a esthetic commander," Artie said. "Now, if the captain had of been a rummy, like some captains I know, it might of been a different story. I might be in the clink. I might of loss me rank. As things stand, though, I still got pride. I may be doing manual labor, but what the hell. Plenny of great men done manual labor."

"They sure did," we said.

Artie bent down and picked up a handful of dirt. "Jess studying the composition of the ground brings out the philosopher in me. Now this dirt has been kicking around the English Isle for gaw knows how long. It doesn't bother nobody. It jess sits around. People walk on it or trun it at a tree or plant a flower in it. It don't mind. It's got poise. It knows that the people will go away and it will still be lying around. Now, thass the way I am. Sooner or later and eventually all me troubles is going away. All I got to do is hang on to me beautiful poise."

"For how many years?" we asked.

"Time in purely relative," Artie said. "Wass a year in yer life, anyways? You get rid of one, another comes right along." He worked furiously, in utter silence, for a good 10 seconds.

"You'll hurt yourself," we said.

"Manual labor brings out the bess in a man," Artie said. "Now, look at this handsome ditch. Three days ago it was oney a gleam in the captain's eye. Now it's in full bloom. And how did this beautiful ditch get to be what it is? Because little ole Artie made it with his little ole shovel."

"Amazing," we said.

"It ain't no joke," Artie said. "It's a very somber matter, believe me. Why, jess working on this beautiful ditch has made me inter a farmer. After this war I'm going to buy me a little farm and woik in the garden all day. You got no idea what fun it is to dig in the ground. You wanna try yer hand with this shovel?"

"No, thanks," we said.

Artie frowned at us. "Thass what I expected from a lazy ole bassar like you. You got no appreciation of manual labor. You don't realize that all the turnips and stuff you cram down yer craw come from the ground. You don't unnerstand the problems of the farmer."

"We understand the pfc.'s problems," we said.

"For gaw's sake," Artie said, "can't you keep yer doity ole mine off the Army for 10 minnits at a time? Honest to gaw, I never seen nobody like you. Yer a blassid ole military automaton. They's more in life than a lot of messy militia."

"Not for the next six or seven years," we said.

"Yer a killjoy." Artie said. "I wisht I never knowed yer. Everything happens to me. All me plans goes rotten and all me friends have screws loose when it comes to the Army. Army, Army, Army—thass all I hear in me ears all day. When I get me farm and I see a soldier coming up the road I'm gonna shoot him with me shotgun."

"Treason," we said. "Sheer treason."

"Aw, poop on treason," Artie said. "In a democracy a man can say what he thinks. Why, if I wanned to, I could go right up to the coinel this minnit and tell him what I think of him."

"And then what would happen?" we asked.

"Nothing would happen," Artie said. "It jess so happings that I think very highly of the coinel."

"Oh," we said.

"WHICH jess goes to show that yer a very ignoran person," Artie said. "It's a very good motter to think before you speak. Thass a nice point about farmers. They're a tacitoin lot."

"Do farmers dig ditches?" we asked.

Artie dropped his shovel. "Farmers dig ditches all the time," he said in a level voice. "Thass all they do when they ain't growing spinich or kindred fruits. This is the poifeck training for the happy life of the farmer. A farmer's got to be a stoic."

"Just for the record," we asked, "how long are you going to be digging this ditch?"

"Jess for the record," Artie said, "I'm gonna be digging this ditch till the blassid ole captain says I can stop digging this ditch."

"And how long will that be?" we asked.

"It beats the usual out of me," Artie said. "Right now me and the captain ain't on speaking toims."

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Cory *Kinslow*

Walsh

Sgt. Russell Cory of Bridgeport, Conn., now in India, says hello to all the fellows back at Kelly Field, Tex., especially the young cadets. "Don't try maneuvers the first month," he warns. "And for gosh sakes no dead-stick landings on the highway." Russ was formerly a cadet. . . . **Pfc. Robert S. Kinslow** has been in Australia for 17 months but hasn't heard from his friend, Pfc. Robert F. Brown in Alaska. "Ruth, Rose and Helen can't get through to you either," he tells Brown. Kinslow can be reached c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Sgt. Maurice Walsh** of the Bronx, N. Y., now in the Central Pacific, tells his brother John at Keesler Field, Miss.: "I'll be back in Hawaii soon. After three years overseas I think maybe I've got a furlough coming up."

Schandelmier

Sharkus

Mondich

Cpl. George Schandelmier of Altoona, Pa., is stationed in the S. Pacific. He tells Cpl. Kenneth Skelton of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is now at Hickam Field, T. H.: "This the puss that only mother could love." . . . **S/Sgt Robert J. Sharkus**, now stationed in India, was formerly a professional roller-skating star at Columbus, Ohio. He says hello to all the fellows in the service who worked at Rollerland in Columbus, and tells his old buddies at the "Air Corps paradise," Patterson Field, Ohio: "Sure miss the good old Patterson chow and ratings." . . . **Sgt. John Mondich** has lost touch with his three brothers: Michael in Greenland, Charles in the S. Pacific and George with the Seabees. "When you see this write me at 90th Sig. Co., Camp Barkeley, Tex.," he says.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
Just why in the hell does a soldier have to pay an allotment to his wife when she is staying with another guy and you don't even write to her or give a damn what happens to her. You can't get a divorce in this state unless you can prove adultery, and if you can explain to me how you can do that stationed where I am you're better than I thought you were.

Presque Isle, Maine —**Sgt. J. D.**

■ Get in touch with the nearest legal-assistance office which will advise you how to obtain volunteer civilian counsel. WD Circular 74, March 16, 1943, sets up legal-assistance offices throughout the Army.

Dear YANK:
Your answer to Sgt. Irving Silk in a September issue, giving the reason for the absence of J companies in the Army, may be correct, but this is the way I heard it: The men in J companies resented being associated with "Jays," the name for "Hillbillies" or "Hicks."

Fort Benning, Ga. —**O/C DAVID CASSEL**

Dear YANK:
This is the way I heard it: In the last war, J was a signal company and sent back a careless message to its field artillery. The mistake was fatal. The artillery fired too short and wiped out J company.

Canada —**Cpl. SIDNEY ROSENBERG**

Dear YANK:
Once we did have a J company in the Army but it was commanded by a bird who thought he could do a little better if he turned to treason. When he was discovered the Army thought they might as well go the whole hog and destroy everything connected with him. His name was Benedict Arnold.

MacDill Field, Fla. —**2d Lt. PAUL G. FURER**

■ Does anyone else know why there is no J company in the Army?

Dear YANK:
We take issue with your correspondent Sgt. Burgess Scott in statements he made about the 57th Fighter Group in an August YANK, stating they made history in July '42 by making the crossing via airplane carrier. In April '42 a group of us left the States via airplane carrier and took off near a West African port. We were the first group to ferry fighter planes across Africa with the exception of a few AVG pilots. The 57th followed our successful experiment. We made that trip across Central Africa without maintenance crews and our tools were practically a screw driver and a pair of pliers. Our planes, which we were to take into immediate combat, were far from being the almost new fighters the 57th had. When we reached our destination in India, at least five engines had to be changed immediately before we could come over here. We all agree the 57th has done a damn good job, but they also had a press agent.

China —**Lt. Col. H. M. PIKE**

Dear YANK:
In a September issue you showed a picture of some blubbery-fat soldier tugging on a rope. Underneath you said: "This guy could never have been in the Old Army, because if he's practiced in the art of goldbricking it doesn't show here." From my point of view this man is well up on his goldbricking. I am an Old Army man and I think your comments very insulting. They were good men in case you didn't know it.

Camp Bowie, Tex. —**M/Sgt. C. A. COMBS**

Dear YANK:
I am not a lover of dogs, but the short story "The Sweetheart of Company D" [in the First Anniversary edition of YANK] was to me a very interesting story. I would like to see it made into a book-length novel by some good writer who was caught in the draft and now longs to have something to write about during his time off. I'm not a critic but a lover of good stories.

England —**Sgt. GEORGE SAUNDERS**

■ We'll pass the word on to the author of "The Sweetheart of Company D," Pvt. William Saroyan. Other works by the same writer: "The Human Comedy," "The Time of Your Life."

Dear YANK:
This is a picture of my brother, Pfc. Valentine Oblamski, and me, taken in "no man's land," Guadalcanal, last February. It was our first meeting in 14 months, and I had flown down from the New Hebrides just in time for his birthday which is on St. Valentine's day. At Henderson Field, on Guadalcanal, Chaplain Kenneth Stack told me where I could find my brother's outfit. The following day I hitchhiked 25 miles and gave him this bottle for his birthday. The beer came from Australia and sure tasted good, although I only got to lick the foam after some of my brother's friends took a swig. I came back to the States in May, but my brother is still on Guadalcanal.

—**Cpl. ANTHONY V. OBLANSKI**
Gowen Field, Ohio

Dear YANK:
This is to inform you I have just discouraged a literate pfc. from taking a subscription to your worthy paper, or rather tried to; he is nonetheless taking it. Let me explain: we aren't supposed to have books or magazines in our foot lockers. And our barracks bags are for unwearable laundry only. So—where in hell is the guy going to to keep YANK?

Fort Dix, N. J. —**Sgt. C. P.**

■ You have the right to keep personal books and magazines in your foot-locker sock tray or in your barracks bag if you have no foot locker.

Dear YANK:
I really think your sports column is the nuts but since when did Ozzie Simmons, Iowa's all-American, play end? If I'm wrong I'll volunteer for a week's KP. Didn't he play halfback, and a damn good one at that? Also, did Tommy Thompson of the Philadelphia Eagles play with the pros with only one eye, or is the handicap recent?

England —**Cpl. JOHN P. LIVINGSTON**

■ Our sports ed got his signals crossed in the case of Simmons, who actually played halfback. Thompson, however, did play with one eye while with the Eagles.

Dear YANK:
In *Strictly GI* [an August issue] you specifically state the Good Conduct ribbon is worn last, or after all service ribbons. Is this your interpretation of AR 600-40, change 24, paragraph 53 (2), dated July 5, 1943?

Fort Ord, Calif. —**S/Sgt. JOSEPH D. BRICK**

■ YANK was wrong. The Good Conduct ribbon, being a decoration, is worn to the right of the service ribbon.

MESSAGE CENTER

H. LEO F. HARRINGTON, once in 767 MP Bn., Averill Park, Albany, N. Y.: write Cpl. L. Egidio, 602 Filter Co., AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla. . . . Pfc. BRUCE (PETE) HEFLIN of Iowa: write Cpl. J. R. Murdock, 1137th Sch. Sq., Camp Luna, N. Mex. . . . Pvt. THOMAS J. HENDERSON, last address, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.: write Cpl. Paul R. Russell, 307th Adrm. Sq., Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz. . . . Pvt. J. P. HENNING, last address, APO 525, New York: write Cpl. William Bartels, PO Box 196, Charleston, S. C. . . . Pfc. BERNARD HERTZBERG, who was stationed at Keesler Field, Miss., write Pvt. Sidney Weinstein, Co. D, 310 Inf., Camp Butner, N. C. . . . S/Sgt. THOMAS J. HILBURN, once at Fort Lewis, Wash.: see *Message 1.**

J. Cpl. BRYAN C. JENKINS, once at Camp Stewart, Ga.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pfc. RAYMOND JOHNSON, Africa: see *Message 3.*† . . . Cpl. STANLEY JOHNSON, once at Fort Knox, Ky.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Lt. THERESA JOHNSON, ANC, once at Columbia AAB, S. C.: write Pfc. Ross Rajotte, Co. D, 181st Inf., Westerly, R. I. . . . 1st Sgt. CHARLES F. JONES, S. Pacific: write Lt. Martin Nussbaum, 28th Tng. Gp., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

L. "WOLF" LAWRENCE of Schenectady, N. Y., see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Lt. FRANK LENAR, last heard from at Midland, Tex.: write Pfc. Esther Carr, Hq. Sect., WAC Det., SU 1741, Fort Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Capt. JOHN LIDDY, *who went to Panama from Hawaii in* 1938: write T/Sgt. Joseph A. (Tiger) Connell, 71st AAF Band, Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Ind. . . . Anyone knowing the details of T/Sgt. RUBIN LIGHTE's (20th Bomb. Sq., 2d Bomb. Gp.) last flight: write to Cpl. W. Kruger, 446 F Sq., 360 F Gp., Muroc Lake AAB, Calif. . . . Sgt. ED LIPPITT, once at the Sta. Hosp., Camp Croft, S. C., write Pvt. David Goldstein, Port Hq. Bn. (Prov.) Co. I, Norfolk Army Base, Norfolk, Va. . . . Pvt. MORRIS J. LOWE, once in Co. B, 31st ERTC Bn., Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.: write Pvt. William E. Webber, Co. B, 6th Engr. C. Bn., 6th Inf. Div., San Luis Obispo, Calif.

M. Sgt. HERMAN MARKOWITZ, who was with the 77th Div. and transferred to the 94th Div.: write Lt. Robert C. Herman, Kingman AAFF, Ariz. . . . TONY MARQUES, Africa: write Cpl. Roland J. Boggioni, 26th Base Hq. and AB Sq., Orlando AAB, Orlando, Fla. . . . Pvt. CATELLO N. MARRA, Africa: write Cpl. Pat Liquori, APO Mail Clk., AAB, Galveston, Tex. . . . Pvt. RUSSEL MATHEWS of Haubstadt, Ind.: write Pvt. Ray S. Weiss, Rcn. Co., 771st TD Bn., AP Hill Mil. Res., Fredericksburg, Va. . . . Anyone knowing what happened to JOHN T. MARTIN Y3c, who was in fight off Java last February: write M/Sgt. John T. Martin, Hq. and Hq. Btry., 188th FA Gp., Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . Pvt. TENHO MATSON of Schenectady, N. Y.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Pvt. JOSEPH L. MCDERMOTT, once at Camp Atterbury, Ind.: write Pfc. R. H. Noibs, 2d Prov. Hq. Co., MOP, Jackson, Miss. . . . Cpl. JOHN B. MCGINLY, once at Fort Riley, Kans.: write S/Sgt. Francis J. Boyle, 10th T Sq., ATC, Hangar 4, La Guardia Field, N. Y. . . . JAMES ARTHUR MEEKS, once at Windsor Locks, Conn.: write Sgt. James A. McCrorey, 1537th QM Rescue Boat Crew, New Orleans AAB, La. . . . A/S E. C. MILLER JR., last address, Class 42-I, Enlisted Sq.: write S/Sgt. John J. Kaminski, 23d Hq. and Hq., TEFT Gp., Turner Field, Ga. . . . Lt. MINTZ, ANC, who was at Camp Edwards, Mass.: write Pvt. Joseph Fusco, Wpn. Det., Hq. EAC, Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . ROY MOORE, formerly supply sergeant of Co. C, 11th Engrs.: write W. R. Palmquist, Air Cadet Det., Class 43-15, Flt. B, Big Spring AAF BS, Tex. . . . ELSTON MURPHY, last address, U. S. Custom House, St. Louis, Mo.: write Pvt. Martha L. Brentise, WAC Hq., Det. POE, Fort Lawton, Wash. . . . Sgt. JOHN J. MURRAY, who returned from overseas and went to Camp Stewart, Ga.: write Cpl. Herbert L. Hall, Btry. C, 844th AAA, AW Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga.

O. Will HENRY L. OLSON, formerly of the Flying Tigers, get in touch with Lt. A. E. Hanson, Co. I, 71st MP, Fort Lewis, Wash.? . . . If anyone knew WARREN (PETE) O'TOOLE, who was in Co. K, 31st Inf. in the Philippines, will he notify S/Sgt. William O'Toole, Btry. B, 542d TD Bn., Camp Gruber, Okla.?

P. EDISON PACKARD, who was at Sheppard Field, Tex., get in touch with Sgt. W. G. Schoenberg, 17th Gp. Hq., MAAF, Marianna Field, Fla. . . . Lt. ANTHONY PALAZZO, a bombardier who was last heard from in Idaho: write Pfc. Angelo J. Astuto, 780 TTS (SP), Lincoln Air Base, Lincoln, Nebr. . . . Will Pvt. VICTOR (UNCLE) PAPA, once at Fort Dix, N. J., now in N. Africa: write Pvt. Frank D'Alessandro, 745 Ry. Opn. Bn., Co. H & S, Camp Thomas A. Scott, Ind. . . . 1st LT. MADELINE W. PAULS, last address, Camp Chaffee, Ark: write to Pvt. Harry J. Holmes, Co. B, 320 Inf. Regt., Camp Rucker, Ala.

S. Pvt. JACK SHERMAN, once at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Sgt. CECIL STONE, once at Camp Hood, Tex.: see *Message 4.*††

T. Cpl. PAUL TETA, India: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . JIMMY TAYLOR S1c, of Schenectady, N. Y.: see *Message 5.*‡

W. Sgt. RALPH WEEKS, once in 3d Div., Fort Lewis, Wash.: see *Message 1.** . . . Sgt. BILL WILLIAMS, Camp Sewart, Ga., in 1941, see *Message 2.*** . . . T-5 JAMES S. WRIGHT, Canada: see *Message 3.*†

**Message 1:* Write M/Sgt. Kenneth R. Morgan, Box 840, Barksdale Field, La.
***Message 2:* Write Cpl. Ernest E. Freeman, Btry. B, 838 AAA (AW) Bn. (Sem), Camp Hulen, Tex.
†Message 3: Write T-5 Churchill B. Wortherly, Det. Med. Sec. 3, Fort Bragg, N. C.
††Message 4: Write Cpl. Howard C. Ausemus, 1570 Serv. Unit, Med. Sec., Camp Breckinridge, Ky.
‡Message 5: Write Robert J. Teta S1c, Ship's Co., Rec. Dept., NCTC, Camp Peary, Va.

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OLD SOLDIERS *Never Die*

By Sgt. WARREN BLEDSOE

(Reprinted from the Craig Field Journal)

M/SGT. Leo Doe poked his withered face into the orderly room of the squadron. The first sergeant arose to receive him. Visits from Doe were so infrequent that they were almost an honor. The first sergeant could hardly remember the last occasion of Doe's coming to see him.

"I want," said Doe, "to go on sick call."

The first sergeant looked concerned. Doe was the only real veteran the squadron had, except Maj. Fiddlegift. On the master sergeant's sleeve there were stripes showing he had served 12 hitches.

"Don't you feel well?" asked the first sergeant.

"Would I come in here and ask to be put on the sick book if I felt well?"

The first sergeant flinched.

"Nothing serious, I hope," he said.

"Don't give me none of that mush," said Sgt. Doe. "Who do you think I am? Your grandmother? Just put my name down in the book. A helluva first sergeant you are!"

The first sergeant looked about among his papers.

"Misplaced your book?" asked Doe.

"Yep."

"Hump!"

The first sergeant took a scratch pad and made a notation.

"My serial number," said Doe. "is——"

"I know your serial number," said the first sergeant.

"Smart boy," said Doe.

The bell rang for calisthenics. Doe got up.

"Hey, where are you goin'?" asked the first sergeant.

"Calisthenics," said Doe.

"Why don't you skip 'em today if you don't feel good?" said the first sergeant.

"And a fine example I would be settin' these young noncoms if I did that."

"You're going to kill yourself someday trying to keep up with these recruits."

"Old soldiers never die," said Sgt. Doe. "They dry up and blow away."

The recruits noticed nothing unusual about Doe's withered face that day. It might have been a shade paler than usual under his sunburn, but if it was this was hardly perceptible.

During the exercises he swore under his breath as usual when they came to the push-ups, and he gave the instructor as good as he was worth during a little tie-up over the collection of slips. It was only when the platoon was falling out for free play that one of the recruits noticed Doe had turned a peculiar color.

"Don't you feel well, sergeant?" said the recruit.

"Where do you think you're at? A tea party?" said Doe hotly. "Get into some activity." The recruit scurried off.

Doe looked about him slyly. He had not been in the U. S. Army for 12 hitches without learning a thing or two about taking cover, and this morning he had every intention of making the most of his experience.

All the other men now were headed toward the equipment shed at the other end of the parade ground. Not far from where Doe stood there was a woodpile left from the demolition of a building.

In a trice, with snakelike agility, the old sergeant crawled in, snuggled down and covered himself up. It was a fine job of digging in, and before 10 minutes were up nobody would have thought that in the woodpile there lurked a soldier. Doe lay and rested.

Now, the first sergeant, who had not felt too well himself that morning, had taken to the woodpile even before Doe. Consequently, with many suppressed snickers, he had watched the veteran making himself scarce. He considered saying "Boo!" but decided it would be a better joke not to. Then he began to wonder if he could get out of the woodpile without Doe's seeing him. The veteran had apparently dropped off to sleep. He was lying very still.

The first sergeant began to get stealthily to his feet, keeping a weather eye out for signs that the master sergeant was going on the alert, but Doe continued to lie as motionless as the woodpile itself. Finally, grinning from ear to ear, the first sergeant was far away from the woodpile.

Oddly enough, he forgot about Doe then. In fact, he didn't think about Doe again all morning, and at 12 o'clock he went on a three-day pass, during which he made every effort to forget about the whole squadron.

At high noon three days later he returned to the orderly room, looking refreshed and ready to carry on his business with efficiency and dispatch.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Uhm-hum," said Cpl. Peters. "Last night we had a helluva fire."

"Fire?"

"Yep. It was a pile of wood on the parade ground that somebody must have throwed a match into. You ought to have saw the blaze it made—a hundred feet in the air."

"Sorry I missed it. Anything else?"

"Yeah. This'll slay you. M/Sgt. Leo Doe is AWOL."

"AWOL?"

"Yep."

"Since when?"

"He took calisthenics three days ago. Ain't been seen since."

A picture of Doe's motionless form in the woodpile instantly flashed into the first sergeant's mind. Could he have just lain down and died like that, and then burned up in the fire? It was a fantastic thought, but——

The first sergeant turned abruptly and left the room. Among the ashes on the edge of the parade ground he searched for the bones of Leo Doe. He didn't find them, and after poking around for half an hour he gave up the search, feeling rather foolish. He hurried back to the orderly room with a sheepish expression on his face, half-way expecting to find Doe there.

HOWEVER, Doe didn't come back that day, or the next, or the next. And finally the first sergeant came to the conclusion that Doe had been in the woodpile after all.

He broke the news to Maj. Fiddlegift at once, making a straight story of it and not sparing himself. The major listened with his customary calmness in the face of adverse circumstances.

"Let us go poke about that ash heap," he said. "There should at least be a hipbone left."

But, though the wind sweeping over the parade grounds had taken away nearly all the ashes, there was not even a hipbone to be seen.

Back in the orderly room, the major said: "He must have been like powder inside. I know we can't do it, but I'd like to put an item in the *Morning Record* saying he dried up and blew away."

"As sure as you do," said the first sergeant, "he'd come back and prove the book's a liar."

Which was exactly right. Four days later Doe came into the orderly room before calisthenics.

"Well, well," said the first sergeant, "where have you been keeping yourself?"

"In the hospital," said Doe. "I had a dose of the measles. Me, the measles! A kid's disease!"

"Somebody," said the first sergeant, "put down that you were AWOL."

"Which ain't surprisin', said Doe, "seeing as you wrote it down on a piece of paper when I reported for sick call. You run this orderly room like a——"

"I'm sorry I didn't know you were sick," said the first sergeant. "I'd have come to see you."

"Why the hell should you come to see me?" snapped Doe. "Don't give me none of that mush! Who do you think I am, your grandmother?"

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Five Dollars for a Ham Sandwich

THE people back home are in the midst of their Third War Loan Drive as we write this, and the newspapers, radio and moving pictures are appealing to their patriotism in an all-out campaign to sell $15,000,000,000 worth of War Bonds. The appeals for civilian subscriptions in the drive are not based so much on the financial value of War Bonds, although they are undoubtedly the best investment you can make in the world today, as they are on the necessity of getting more guns, planes, tanks and ships overseas immediately and finishing the war.

There is another reason why soldiers, as well as civilians, should buy War Bonds—a reason that has nothing to do with patriotism or getting the war finished. But it has a lot to do with the problems we are going to face after the duration and six months when we will go back into civilian clothes and start buying food and paying rent again for ourselves and our families.

That reason is the danger of inflation in the United States after the war. War Bonds can stop inflation.

When you mention the word "inflation" to the average GI, he backs away and loses interest. "That's something in Washington that's got nothing to do with me," he says. We talk like that because we've never had a taste of it. We don't know what it is to pay $5 for a ham sandwich and a couple of hundred dollars for a pair of shoes as they did in Germany after the last war.

It works like this. The Government has to pay the expense of the war effort. If the people don't lend the Government the money to pay those bills by buying War Bonds, the Government has to pay them with money borrowed from banks. Borrowing from banks raises the supply of U. S. currency in active circulation. The more dollar bills you have in circulation, the less valuable each dollar bill becomes and then you begin to get less for your money. The next thing you know a dollar is only worth a dime or a nickel when you try to buy a meal or a package of cigarettes.

Imagine what it would be like trying to get started again in civilian life under those conditions. If serious inflation ever comes, we'll soon find out that it isn't just something in Washington that has nothing to do with us. It's got plenty to do with us.

Next pay day, if that guy unexpectedly pays back the $20 he borrowed three months ago, invest it in a War Bond. You will get a solid slice of extra money back a few years from now when you'll really need it. And you will also be protecting the value of your money and your family's money against the threat of inflation that would turn it into so much worthless green paper.

WAR BONDS CAN PREVENT THIS

STRICTLY G.I.

Unit Citations

THE WD has announced a policy of recognizing Army units that distinguish themselves by outstanding performance of duty in action against the enemy. To merit a citation in WD general orders, a unit "must have distinguished itself among other organizations to the extent that would warrant the award of the Distinguished Service Cross to an individual." Units so cited will be awarded blue streamers for their distinguishing flags, colors or guidons, and members of units cited twice will be authorized to wear the Distinguished Unit Badge as part of the uniform. In the first World War many units were cited for meritorious combat service, but such citations were not published in WD orders and no devices were authorized for flags or for wear by individuals. [*Memorandum No. W600-70-43.*]

New Navy Uniform

Enlisted personnel of the Navy is to have a new undress, or working, uniform for wear aboard ship. Only change is in color—slate gray to blend into the color of vessels. The Navy has also authorized enlisted men serving with Army detachments to wear Army uniforms. Shore sailors with Army outfits will wear their own service insignia on the Army clothing issued to them, but that will be the only outward difference between them and regular GIs.

Battlefield Souvenirs

A WD memorandum [*No. W570-3-43*] permits GIs to keep souvenirs they find in combat areas, with these exceptions: nameplates of enemy equipment, anything that might contain explosives and items that have greater value as scrap metal than as trophies. To forward souvenirs by mail requires an authorizing certificate, in duplicate, signed by the unit commander. The original copy is kept by the GI or placed inside the parcel, and the duplicate is forwarded to customs authorities at the receiving point.

GI Shop Talk

The WD announced that more than 96 percent of the WAAC's 5,000 officers reenlisted into the WAC. . . . Army librarians say Webster's Dictionary is the most popular book in Army libraries and geographical atlasses are the next thing guys turn to when they get in a post reading room. . . . The first class of the Judge Advocate General's OCS was recently graduated at Ann Arbor, Mich. Seventy-nine candidates made the grade. . . . Photographs of enemy prisoners which show identifiable faces can now be taken, but only with the okay of the prisoners. . . . The Army will soon put into use a new steel triple-deck sleeper troop train. Supposed to be the latest word in GI Pullman comfort. . . . The Swedish ship *Gripsholm* has sailed from the U. S. with a cargo of special individual parcels, food and medical supplies for American prisoners in Japan. The stuff will be distributed by the International Red Cross.

The Sea Mule

Latest addition to the Army's navy is the Transportation Corps' "Sea Mule," a two-engined marine tractor designed to do the work of a tugboat with one-third the crew. The Sea Mule is 38 feet long, 15½ feet wide and weighs 26 tons. It breaks down in four parts for shipping and can be put together in three hours. It has a top speed of 12 mph, can turn on a dime and is able to pull 200 tons.

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205 EAST 42d St., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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General Orders

Stout Field, Ind.—Cpl. David N. Newler, a hep cat with the 1st Troop Carrier Command Hq., has concocted his own version of the 11 General Orders. It follows:

1. Strut in style and keep both glimmers on the joint.
2. To be a real hep cat and dig all that jumps.
3. To slip a mickey to all dumb hickeys.
4. To pass the buck to all distant joints.
5. To keep a-jivin' till the steam leaves the beam.
6. To dig, jump and pass on to the hep cat who cuts in on all jive from the head square brother zombie and big and little squares strictly from hunger.
7. To slap the trap shut unless a bunny opens it.
8. To beat my chops and throw a four-alarmer at a real hot joint or a truck driver's hold.
9. Slip the tip to me, drip; I ain't hip.
10. To flip the eye at all big boys and all Betsy Rosses and Mother Hubbards not wearing zoot suits.
11. To keep on the beam when the moon is mellow and flash the razor at any cats unhep enough not to be cookin' with gas.

Kindest Cut of All

Camp Stewart, Ga.—Pop Chmela is a happy man now, and the same can be said for his wife. The latter, mother of T-5 Elizabeth Chmela, sent her Wac daughter a frantic letter recently in which she said in part: "Hurry up your furlough, because your father's hair is getting so long I'm going to have it put up in pigtails."

In civilian life, Wac Chmela was a beauty-parlor operator and, for Pop's money, no one could cut his hair quite like she could. When she joined the WAC, Mr. Chmela refused to let anyone else touch a hair of his head. Wac Chmela got her furlough, and Pop got his haircut.

A BAD SIGN

1st Sgt. James E. Sullivan, of the IRTC, Co. B, 20th Bn., Fort McClellan, Ala., hangs this sign on hut-ments that do not pass inspection. It gets results.

Fashions in Signatures

Deming Army Air Field, N. Mex.—There's keen rivalry between Sgt. Jim Belt and another sergeant in Special Service here. Both have talented pens and brushes and they vie with each other in their art offerings.

Recently, Belt decided to identify his work with a caricature of a belt. The other artist was not to be outdone. He followed suit with a signature-label that fitted his name: S/Sgt. Steve Bloomer.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Normoyle Ordnance Depot, Tex. — Pvt. W. C. Davis asked for and got a 24-hour emergency pass, the request having to do with a girl back home. His reason was to talk her out of marrying another GI. His mission was successful.

Farragut Naval Training Station, Idaho—It may not be a record, but Harold Hauck, trainee here, still thinks he has one for the books. Each day he writes a letter (he doesn't say to whom) which averages 10 double pages. Says Harold: "Just sit down and write about yourself. Don't be modest; pour it on."

Dodge City Army Air Field, Kans.—Pfc. Howard H. Slaughter, with the 1095th Guard Sq., was doing guard duty and was especially alert one night. Suddenly a high-pitched scream knifed the air. Slaughter drew his gun, prepared for anything. A second scream made him jump and accidentally he discharged his gun. Investigation traced the screams to the 455th Sq. day room where Pvt. Billy Welch had screamed when he had missed two easy shots for the eight ball in the side pocket.

Nashville Army Air Center, Tenn.—Sgt. George Salmon sat on his bunk working intently on a

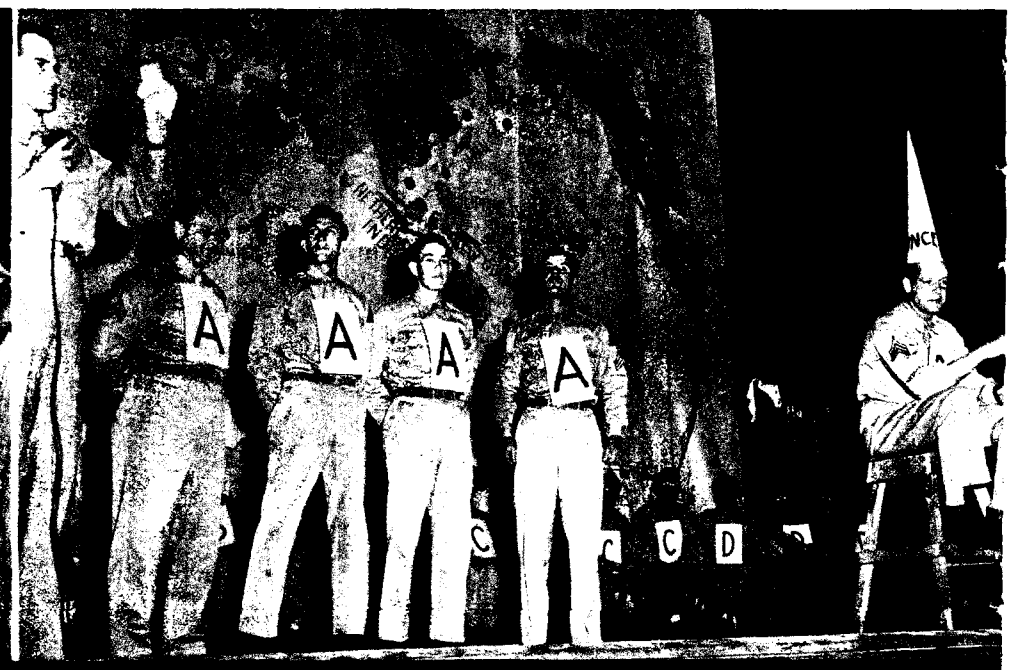
PUSH-UP KING? Sgt. Chris Belkas, at Blytheville (Ark.) Army Air Field, executed 60 one-arm push-ups in perfect form, claiming the championship.

GIVE HIM TIME

Camp Claiborne, La.—1st Sgt. Jules Mechelle has heard them all, but it remained for T-4 Pang Wong, cook with the 1878th Unit, EMD, to come up with the tops for all furlough requests.

Wong, quite seriously, asked for a 65-day furlough. He explained that he wanted 30 days to go to China, 30 days to return and the authorized 5 days to spend at home.

VISITING ROYALTY. It was more than a 10-minute break for soldiers of the 92d Infantry Division at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., when Lena Horne paid them a visit. Here's the singing star with the staff of the division's paper *Buffalo*.



QUIZ MASTERS. For each A, a three day pass. It was all part of a military-knowledge test for men of the 124th Engineer Bn., 13th Armored Division, at Camp Beale, Calif. The winners represented Co. D. The "dunce" got the gong.

PRIZE PACKAGE. T/Sgt. Ray Loverso of the 1306 Signal Pigeon Co., Fort Bragg, N. C., puts pigeon in bag which opens after dropping from plane.

REVERSE PLAY. At left, soldiers at Moore Field, Tex., get a nice close-up view of a bathing-beauty parade, staged at the opening of a swimming pool which they helped to build. At right, the situation changes and the girls get the break. This is the kind of chivalry that makes people respect and admire you Army men.

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puzzle. One of his buddies asked to try it. After a few minutes of effort, he said: "I can't do it. Is it very hard?" Salmon nodded. "Pretty hard," he said. "I've been trying to figure it out for 10 years."

Gila Bend Gunnery Range, Ariz.—Pvt. Howard Mehringer was up on a regular tow mission when he happened to look down at the bottom of his cockpit. His eyes widened and he grabbed for the interphone, excitedly telling the pilot: "There's a snake in here." The ship was landed and Pvt. Mehringer's snake, much to his embarrassment, turned out to be merely a coil of rope. Pvt. Mehringer is now dubbed "Snaky" for the duration.

Albuquerque Army Air Base, N. Mex.—Most popular song of the season here, according to Sgt. David Kohnhorst of 467th BH and AB Sq., is "In my arms. In my arms. Ain't I never gonna quit gettin' shots in my arms."

Fort MacArthur, Calif.—M/Sgt. Bill Slone was doing a good job trying to convince a rookie here that Army chow wasn't as bad as it seemed. He thought he had the clincher when he told the rookie: "Just wait until you're in the field, son, and get a big order of C rations." The rookie scowled and said: "Hell, sergeant, I'm in the Army. They ain't gonna make *me* eat no sea rations."

Turner Field, Ga.—When Mrs. Joseph T. Kohlmaier became a mother of a 7-pound boy, Pfc. Evelyn S. Walsh, with a WAC detachment here became Turner Field's first Wac grandmother. Pfc. Walsh's son, the proud pop, is stationed at Camp Stewart, Ga., and is only 19. Pfc. Walsh really has a claim for a record—she is a grandmother at only 36.

Kingman Army Air Field, Ariz.—An unnamed GI recently requested an extension of his furlough with the following telegram sent to his CO: "MET WRONG WOMAN STOP CAME THE DAWN STOP NO WOMAN NO MONEY STOP DELAYED GETTING MONEY FROM RED CROSS STOP BE 24 HOURS LATE." He got his extension.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pvt. John Bohn, Hq. Det., SCU, was doing a tour of guard duty one night when he heard suspicious noises coming from a small building nearby. He investigated, suddenly found that his eyes were getting heavy and that he was getting faint. He scrambled out of the building before he collapsed. Outside, he noticed for the first time a large sign which said in bold red letters: KEEP OUT. FUMIGATING.

COMMENT RESERVED

Fort Leavenworth, Kans.—Sgt. George F. Schmidt of the Information Office here sometimes finds his daily routine on the dull side. A phone call recently broke the monotony.

A woman called the sergeant and asked to speak to a GI at the Reception Center. Schmidt queried: "Did this man come to the Reception Center on a reserve status?"

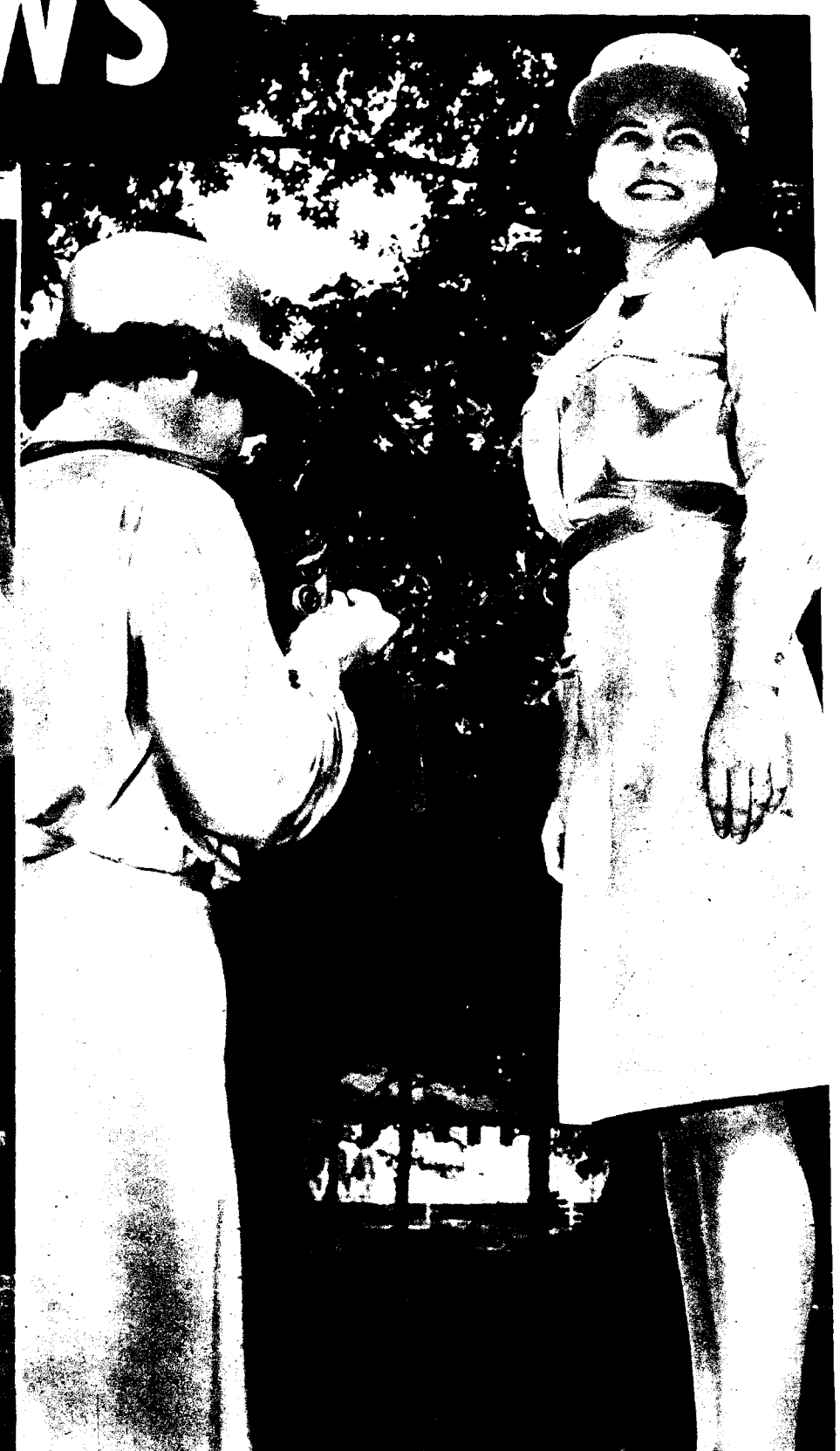
"Well," said the woman, "I don't know how he arrived at Leavenworth, but he was all right when he left Kansas City on a Union Pacific bus."

What gave you a laugh, Joe, or a bang? Got a picture, or a news item, or a feature of interest to other dogfaces? Let them in on it by sending it on to YANK, Camp Features, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

CAMP NEWS

THREE WINNERS. These instructors at the AAF School of Applied Tactics, Orlando, Fla., won a total of nine decorations as aerial gunners in combat overseas. L. to r.: T/Sgt. Charles Horton, T/Sgt. Don Kemble and T/Sgt. Fred Best.

PRACTICE VICTORY. Men in training at Fort Lewis, Wash., did some very straight shooting when they captured "Blitzburg," a dummy town set up on the range. Any fake Nazis that popped out promptly changed back to sawdust.



NICE SUBJECT. The pretty Wac being photographed is Virginia Brouk of Chicago, widow of Capt. Robert Brouk of the famous Flying Tigers, and the cameralady is Pvt. Ruth Carlos. They're both in training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

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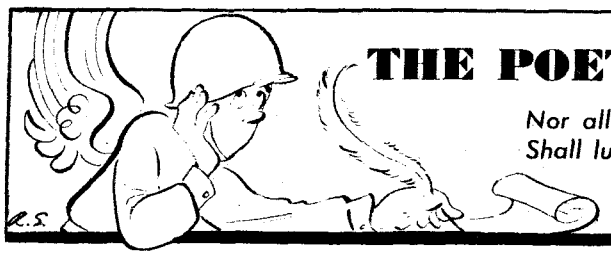
Mary Martin

Evening Report

COAST TO COAST. Grace Moore is writing her autobiography, "You're Only Human Once," to be published in the spring by Doubleday, Doran. . . . The Alabama State Fair is opening a week later than usual. . . . "One Touch of Venus," new musical comedy slated for Broadway, will have its try-out in Boston, after which it will play in New Haven, Conn. Cast includes Mary Martin [*see photo above*], Kenny Baker and John Boles. . . . Oldest theater structure in the U. S., the former St. Charles in New Orleans, will be reopened as the Casino de Paree by Harold Minsky. . . . A "Folies Bergere" revue is being put together for a tour, tentatively set to open in San Francisco's Winterland Auditorium.

BAND BEAT. Duke Ellington will open a new concert tour at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. . . . Jerry Wald will reopen the Sherman Hotel's Panther Room in Chicago. . . . Bill McCune's band replaced the Don Pable outfit at the Palm Beach in Detroit. . . . Chermot ballroom in Omaha opened the season with Jan Garber's orchestra. . . . The Terrace Room of the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh opened with Maurice Spitalny. . . . Charlie Spivak followed Jimmy Dorsey into the Palladium in Hollywood. . . . Sonny Dunham is at the Tunetown Ballroom in St. Louis. . . . Ted Lewis' band is booked for the reopening of Shangri-La in Philadelphia. . . . Doris Hollingsworth replaced Harriet Scott as vocalist with Cal Gifford and orchestra at the Dunes Club at Virginia Beach, Va. . . . Red Norvo is enlarging his combination for a theater tour with Mildred Bailey.



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

IF I COULD BUT CLIMB

If I could but climb tonight the vault of sky,
With stars as stepping stones to reach on high,
And from that vault could view the earth in life,
Then all the flame, the death, the bloody strife
Would come like a hazy dream, minute, too small
To sear the brain; and the streaks of stars that fall
Might light the remote edges between God and man.
If I could but climb tonight this blue-black span.

Camp Cooke, Calif. —Pfc. S. W. CARBONE

FOR CERTAIN FLYERS

Senior officers at Port Darwin, listening over the radio communications systems to pilots cursing the Japs as they fought them, decided that the flow of profanity was too much. Henceforth only flyers who had shot down one enemy plane could swear at the Japs, and then could use only one word, "bastard."—Newsweek.

Though you saw Louis shot out of the skies,
And Texas spiral down to crash and burn,
And Cooper, who had knocked them off like flies,
Lose half a wing and dive to death in turn;
Though you saw Thompson swinging in his chute,
Riddled with holes before he hit the ground;
Though Green was tortured and cut up to boot—
That is, if it was *his* corpse was found,
You must not curse your enemy, not even
When he is in your sights just as you squeeze
The trigger to send one more Son of Heaven
To hell forever for his infamies.
But for each Japanese that you have mastered,
You may permit yourself a single "bastard!"

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS

TO AN ARMY STEAK

Oh Army steak, I somehow feel
You ought to be more ample;
Are you sure they meant you for a meal?
You look so like a sample.

And if by chance you should be shunned,
Take heart and do not sorrow;
Like Phoenix you shall rise again:
You'll be croquettes tomorrow.

—Cpl. THOMAS W. KRASEMAN
Oakland Fighter Command, Calif.

TWO AMBITIONS

Two ambitions thrive in this Army of millions:
To come back alive and be civilians.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

SUBJECT: FEMININE APPAREL

There's nothing that teases
Quite like black lace chemises.

Girls who long to be chased like mouses
Specialize in peek-a-boo blouses.

I've heard several salty rumors
Concerning lavender bloomers.

Can you blame a soldier if he should falter
When approached by a babe in a vict'ry halter?

A silky shirt with slinky slacks and nothing in between
Is quite as tantalizing as a Lana Turner dream.

Strapless gowns have their ups and downs,
And to a soldier, a girdle is just a minor hurdle.

It's all a matter of opinion:
As for me, you can have your chemises,
Your this and that;
I like a girl in a great big hat.

Maxton AAB, S. C. —Cpl. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

THOUGHTS ON A HOT NIGHT

Oh, to be stationed in Iceland,
With temperature 40 below;
I'd find paradise
In an igloo of ice
And sleep under a blanket of snow.
Oh, for a transfer to Iceland,
With an iceberg or two for a base,
Where all good GIs
Feast on Eskimo pies
While icicles grow on your face.

Charleston AAB, S. C. —Cpl. CARL FENICHEL

WAR IS HELL

I was torpedoed on the sea,
I've been in combat, too.
I went through hell on desert sands
And fought my way through jungle lands
Where shot and shrapnel flew.

Yet when the peace has come at last
And ended all our pains,
I'll settle in some quiet spot
To heal the aches and wounds I got
On busses and on trains.

New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

By Sgt. IRVING L. FIELD, *Camp Skokie, Ill.*

Each correct answer counts five points. A score of 60 is passing; 70, fair; 80, good; 90 or more, excellent.

1. Britain's ex-monarch, the Duke of Windsor, now resides in
a) The Bahamas *c)* Bermuda
b) The Barbados *d)* Isle of Man.

2. Paul V. McNutt is
a) Head of OPA *c)* Manpower Commissioner
b) ODT Director *d)* President of CIO.

3. Latvia's coastline borders the
a) Baltic Sea *c)* North Sea
b) English Channel *d)* Black Sea.

4. Germany's second largest city took a terrific pounding from the RAF and USAAF. Name it.
a) Cologne *c)* Bremen
b) Hamburg *d)* Munich.

5. The island of Ceylon is located in the
a) Pacific Ocean *c)* Arctic Ocean
b) Atlantic Ocean *d)* Indian Ocean.

6. Commanding the U. S. forces in China is Gen.
a) Stilwell *c)* Sutherland
b) Kenney *d)* Somervell.

7. He was made military governor of Sicily after the invasion:
a) Gen. Clark *c)* Gen. Alexander
b) Gen. Montgomery *d)* Gen. Allen.

8. The island of Java is now occupied by
a) The U. S. *c)* Russia
b) England *d)* Japan.

9. Name the capital of Norway.
a) Riga *c)* Amsterdam
b) Oslo *d)* Copenhagen.

10. Before his death, King Boris ruled
a) Holland *c)* Rumania
b) Denmark *d)* Bulgaria.

11. Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. is nicknamed
a) "Old Blood and Guts" *c)* "Sade Case"
b) "Pistol Packin' Joe" *d)* "Dry Run".

12. Name our petroleum administrator.
a) Claude R. Wickard
b) Harold L. Ickes
c) Lewis B. Hershey
d) W. Averell Harriman.

13. Amchitka is an island in the
a) Gilbert Islands *c)* Solomon Islands
b) Caroline Islands *d)* Aleutian Islands.

14. The Brenner Pass links Italy with
a) Switzerland *c)* France
b) Yugoslavia *d)* Austria.

15. Name the U. S. Secretary of War.
a) Henry Stimson *c)* Robert Patterson
b) Frank Knox *d)* Sumner Welles.

16. The Axis put up stiff resistance at this Sicilian port, before the Allies finally captured it:
a) Syracuse *c)* Marsala
b) Catania *d)* Palermo.

17. During the Fascist regime in Italy he was known as "Mussolini's mouthpiece".
a) Count Grandi *c)* Gen. Graziani
b) Count Ciano *d)* Virginio Gayda.

18. Which of the following is the capital of a neutral European country?
a) Sofia. *c)* Helsinki
b) Stockholm *d)* Budapest.

19. Which of the following positions is held by John G. Winant:
a) U. S. ambassador to Britain
b) Lend-lease administrator
c) Economic czar
d) House majority leader.

20. The Ploesti region in Rumania supplies the Nazi war machine mainly with
a) Iron ore *c)* Oil
b) Wheat *d)* Rubber.

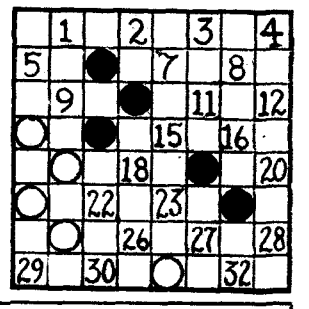
(Answers on Page 22)

CHECKER STRATEGY

According to the best principles of the game, Black, with control of the center and a king coming up in two moves, should have the advantage of position. But Black's "elbow" (the checkers on squares 6, 10, 14) is a source of weakness—and White can win by forced play. See if you can find that winning combination.

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.

WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN



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It Started With Caesar

ROOKIES, always a gullible lot, will swallow with amazing credence almost every scrap of military lore, dogma or superstition that anyone as exalted as a sergeant feels moved to impart. One profound bit of learning that sergeants have always passed on to rookies, for example, is that a man's voice will wear out in 10 minutes if he counts "one, two, three, four, left, right, left." So, the sergeants explain, the cadence naturally goes "hut, tup, trup, hor, yift, hrip, yift."

The rookies grow up to be sergeants and happily pass on the good word to their puzzled charges with never so much as a democratic "Izzat so?" from the ranks.

Actually it all began back in the days when Caesar started his glorious drive for *lebensraum*. For centuries the barbaric Greeks, Carthaginians, Gauls, plus a few decadent Celts and Britons, had threatened Roman culture with encirclement. So one year on the Ides of June, Caesar called a bunch of the boys together in the back room of a Capitoline beer hall to get things organized.

"Boys," he said, "the time has come for us to shake off the yoke of the oppressors and to liberate the *herrenvolk*."

He was answered with a lusty Latin cheer, cries of "Duce! Duce! Duce!" and a great clatter of beer mugs. Then Caesar made first sergeants of all the original beer-hall mugs and launched an extensive recruiting campaign emphasizing the beauties of Greece in spring and the beauties of France anytime.

First to respond were husky Roman lads who had been suckled by Palatine wolves. Since they had been weaned these fellows had done nothing but smash store windows, swim the Tiber and engage in friendly little brass-knuckle bouts at the Colosseum.

After getting GI haircuts and replacing their zoot togas with brass-plated tunics, the boys were subjected to a period of military indoctrination and drill so they could present a military appearance before the liberated Roman people.

It was a hot day in July that Caesar parked his Alice-blue convertible chariot in front of the Circus Maximus where his prospective army was drilling before a crowd of cheering citizens. But when he strode to his special balcony in the front row he was appalled by what he saw. The young Tiberian wolves were straggling all over the field or taking 10-minute breaks under the bleachers, and the few who were actually drilling looked more like the Morticians League after a three-day convention. Most of the sergeants were sprawled on the ground gasping for breath, while the rest staggered about whispering hoarsely, "*unus, duo, tres, quattuor, sinister, dexter, sinister,*" and Romanized versions of such expressions as "Git on da ball, youse guys!"

Now, although Caesar was a true Roman and proud of his native tongue, he was also practical. He signaled to the sound man for a megaphone.

"Men," he said, "you're doing a great job. But there's one little thing we got to remember. We got to maintain discipline, and that means drill. From now on all orders will be given in shouts of one syllable, like 'forrd hoch, hut, tup, trup, hor, yift, hrip, yift.' The medics tell me that a man's voice wears out in 10 minutes when he yells '*unus, duo, tres, quattuor, sinister, dexter, sinister.*'"

Somewhere on the field a sergeant bellowed, "Ten-HUT!"

Then Caesar adjusted his laurel wreath, straightened his purple tunic and goose-stepped out, pausing only to whisper in the ear of a vestal virgin who was selling peanuts to the customers.

And that's how it all began.

Santa Ana AAB, Calif. A/C DAVID F. THOMAS

POST EXCHANGE

The Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open. Send your contents, poems and [illegible] to Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

[illegible] meet the mark, you [illegible] special de luxe rejection [illegible] receptive of more creative mood.

FOR SINS COMMITTED

For sins committed I am filled
With a sincere contrition;
The worm of conscience, never filled,
Creates this sad condition.

But, oh, how glad I'd be today
If my sin roster held
All the vices sweet and gay
That I, the fool, repelled.

Red heady wine and Venus' prize,
At which my head I shook.
Now I regret with tear-dimmed eyes
Missteps I never took.

Ephrata AAB, Wash. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

"One-two-three-KICK. One-two-three-KICK . . ."
—Sgt Dick Ericson, Camp Hale, Colo.

Lancer's Last Raid

"GET on the ball!" Flight Leader Lancer ruffled his wings and beckoned angrily to his unit. "We'll be late for reveille, dammit!" All together they rose high over the swamps that surround Camp Davis.

[*These are mosquitoes, not soldiers, and they talk to each other. If you don't believe Camp Davis mosquitoes talk to each other you'd better stop here. The rest is even harder to believe.*]

"Sixteenth Battery this morning," cried Lancer, flying backwards to keep an eye on his formation. "Be careful. They're officer candidates in their 12th week. Desperate men."

"Fall in!" yelled the officer-candidate first sergeant. Haggard men stumbled out of the barracks and fell in at rigid attention. The mosquitoes, who had deployed on the barracks-door screens, attacked at once. They struck at foreheads and necks. Some of the young and reckless ones even tried for the hands.

"At ease." Immediately upon the command the mosquitoes rushed back to the screens.

"They got Nicky the Needle!" panted one of the flyers, reporting to Flight Leader Lancer. "That third man in the second squad raised his hand when the lieutenant wasn't looking."

"Rotten discipline in this outfit," snarled Lancer. "And these guys call themselves potential officers." Disdainfully he spat a little blood at the men.

"Batteree!" yelled the candidate sergeant.

"Get ready," hissed Lancer, "there's the preparatory command."

"Tench-hut!" The mosquitoes dropped down to the foreheads and necks again. This time a special detail concentrated on the third man in the second squad, the one who got Nicky the Needle.

"Ree-port!" came the command just in time to catch an unwary young mosquito. He was at work on the right forehead of a candidate platoon leader, a man who had to salute when he reported.

"At ease." The unit leaped into the air and back to the screen. Lancer fluttered down, pale and trembling. His comrades rushed to his aid. He was sinking fast.

"How long," he gasped, "since this battery has had a physical inspection? Who was supposed to check on that?"

"You don't mean—"

"Yep. This is it. Fourth man in the first squad. No, no; better not touch me. Leave me here. I'll be all right." He smiled bravely. "Carry on, men—there's the preparatory command."

Reluctantly the others leave their fallen leader and with renewed fury fly once more against the rigidly attentive officer candidates.

Camp Davis, N. C. —O/C RAY DUNCAN

"I don't feel quite myself this morning."
—Sgt. Sidney Landi, Antiaircraft Command, Richmond, Va.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ. 1. The Bahamas. 2. Manpower Commissioner. 3. Baltic Sea. 4. Hamburg. 5. Indian Ocean. 6. Stilwell. 7. Gen. Alexander. 8. Japan. 9. Oslo. 10. Bulgaria. 11. "Old Blood and Guts." 12. Harold L. Ickes. 13. Aleutian Islands. 14. Austria. 15. Henry Stimson. 16. Catania. 17. Virginio Gayda. 18. Stockholm. 19. U. S. Ambassador to Britain. 20. Oil.

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 25 to 22. Black only good move is 24 to 28. . . . White moves 31 to 27. Black crowns, 28 to 32—and it looks as if White is lost. But . . . White goes 22 to 18, a killer-diller! For Black must jump 14 to 23 or lose a piece right away. . . . White jumps 27 to 18. Now Black cannot save his checker on 6, which White will capture by "squeezing" via 18 to 14, 10 to 15, then 14 to 10. . . . White being one up, the win is only a matter of time.

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SPORTS: WASHINGTON HUSKIES MAY GO ROSE BOWLIN'

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

A LOT of football coaches, especially Jeff Cravath of Southern California and Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, are beginning to find out that maybe the Navy was just being shrewd when it gave its V-12s permission to go out and play football for their step alma maters.

Probably neither Leahy nor Cravath realized it at the time, but there was a tricky little joker in that Navy decree. It said in effect: go ahead and play football if you can find the time and energy and still keep up with your studies.

At South Bend, Ind., the Notre Dame Navy boys have become painfully familiar with the interpretation of that phrase "time and energy." Some of them became so frightened after looking over their Navy curriculum that they decided to stick to their guns and books and leave football to the civilian students. And at Southern California, where Cravath is fashioning a Rose Bowl contender, 12 of the best football trainees have already been ruled ineligible because they ran afoul of scholastic traps.

Maybe, as they say, the Navy is the backbone of football these days. Certainly there's no denying that it has built powerful teams at Washington, Michigan, Southern California and Notre Dame, where it has assigned the biggest batch of athletes. But the question is: How long can they last?

In brief, football in the Middle West and West shapes up like this:

MIDDLE WEST

Michigan is the universal choice for the Big Ten championship and perhaps Ohio State's successor as the nation's No. 1 team. Halfback Elroy Hirsch, quarterback Jack Wink and center Fred Negus, who almost won a Big Ten title for Wisconsin last year, have shifted to Michigan as V-12s. The Wolverines also won Minnesota's thunderous fullback, Bill Daley, in the shuffle of service talent. George McAfee, the great Chicago Bear running back, is stationed at Ann Arbor as a physical instructor and could play if he took one scholastic course. Also available are such hold-overs as fullback Bob Wiese, center Merv Pregulman, halfback Paul White and the All-American Negro guard, Julie Franks. Franks, however, was injured in practice and may be out part of the season.

Northwestern has been blessed with an ample supply of service talent from last year's Minnesota and Nebraska teams and should give Michigan a whale of a battle for the Big Ten title. Otto Graham, generally recognized as an All-American halfback last season, is supposed to return for the early part of the season and will be Lynn Waldorf's scoring menace. When Graham moves on, Vic Schwall, a low-slung, swift sophomore will take over. He'll get all the support he needs from such transfers as Herman Frickey, Dick Kelly and Bill Garnaas, all Minnesota backfield regulars last year.

Notre Dame is regarded as one of the strongest teams in the Midwest, but Frank Leahy moans otherwise. If his Navy and Marine boys don't shy away from football to keep up with their studies, the Irish appear to be more than a match for their schedule which calls for games with Northwestern, Michigan, Army, Great Lakes, Navy and Iowa Pre-Flight. Angelo Bertelli, the pass master, is a marine and will be at quarterback for about five games. Julie Rykovich, Illinois' freshman whiz-bang, has won the fullback job, beating out Vic Kulbitski, the Minnesota veteran.

Also Rans. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Purdue, Illinois, Ohio State, Indiana, Iowa and Marquette.

No Teams This Year. Michigan State and Detroit.

THE FAR WEST

Washington has its sights fixed on the Rose Bowl and there's a strong possibility that it may get there. Only Southern California blocks the way. Coach Ralph Welch has the boys to make his "T" formation click. Among the brighter prospects are backs Sam Robinson, Bob Erickson, Pete Susick, Bobo Moore and Jay Stoves, a triple-threater who moved over from Washington State; center Jim McCurdy, who was a freshman sensation at Stanford; tackle Don Deeks, and end Gail Bruce, the strong boy of last year's frosh club.

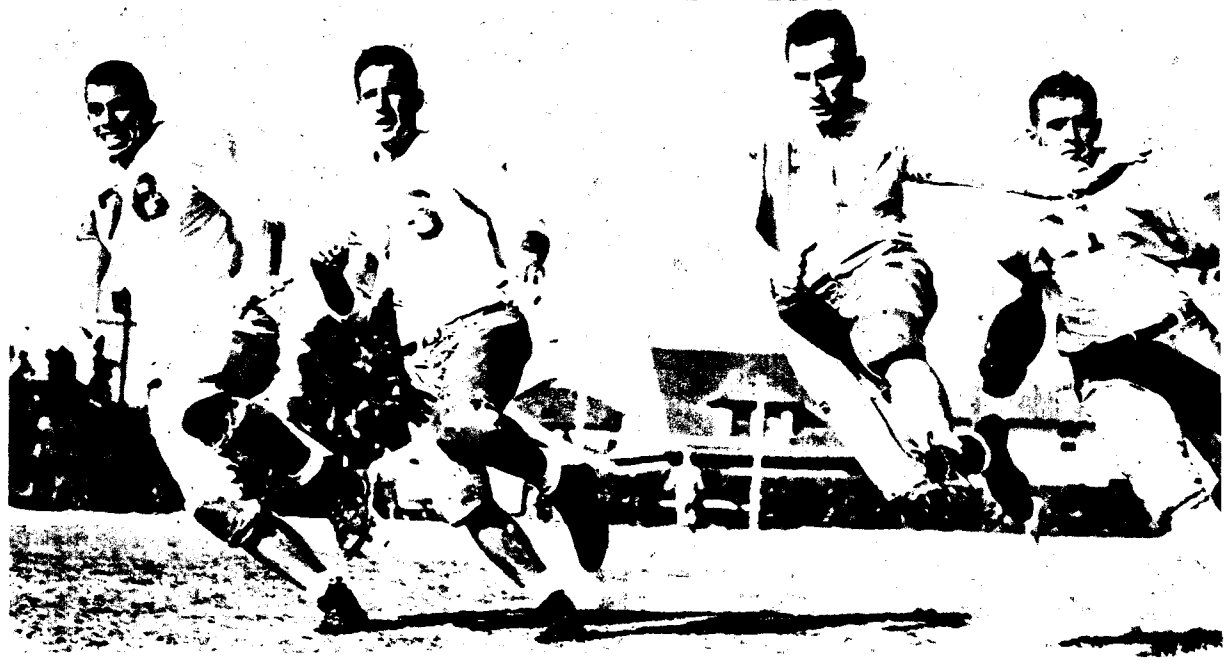
Southern California has found out that the V-12 program can give as well as take. Jackie Fellows, high-scoring halfback from Fresno State, has been instructed to forget football and concentrate on his studies. Unquestionably this hurt the Trojans, but Jeff Cravath still has such a wealth of material that he is seriously thinking about organizing a B team. That is, if he can find anybody to play it. The Trojans will be built around Mickey McCardle, last year's excellent sophomore halfback, and Capt. Ralph Heywood, a three-year letterman at end who can play again under the new eligibility rules.

Also Rans. California, Washington State, UCLA, Oregon State, Oregon, Idaho and St. Mary's.

No Teams This Year. Stanford, Santa Clara and Montana.

Bill Daley, Michigan.

Otto Graham, Northwestern.



Southern California's starting backfield. Left to right: Lou Futrell, right halfback; Mickey McCardle, left halfback; Chuck Page, fullback; and Jim Hardy, quarterback.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Here's one match that ended with the champion on the "floor." Lt. Joe Hunt (right) ran to the net to greet Jack Kramer S2c after winning National singles title, but fell to the ground when a cramp seized his left leg. They shook hands there.

IT now develops that **O/C Frankie Sinkwich** was suffering from something more than blistered feet at the Parris Island (S. C.) Marine Base. He has been discharged because of a heart murmur, high blood pressure and bad feet. If he can elude the draft, Sinkwich will play for the Detroit Lions. . . . The combination Pittsburgh-Philadelphia pro team has come up with halfback **Max Partin**, who was wounded in the Tunisian campaign, and the Washington Redskins have signed **Red Roberts**, a merchant sailor who had two ships sunk from under him and once spent 14 days on a raft. . . . **Capt. Harry Torgerson**, one of New York University's most illustrious football heroes, was the marine who first thought of blasting the Japs from their coral caves on Gavutu Island in the Solomons by attaching blocks of TNT to boards and hurling them into the caves. . . . **Lt. Gil Hunt**, the tennis champ, was the top-ranking man in the graduating class of 300 AAF weather officers.

The real sleeper for the coming gridiron campaign will be the Commodores of the Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Training Station. One look at their collection of talent is enough to make a college football coach join the Army to forget. For instance: **Bill de Correvont** of Northwestern, **Harvey Johnson** of William and Mary, **Paul Anderson** of last year's Great Lakes team, **Yen Akin** of the Chicago Bears, **Howard Hickey** of the Detroit Lions and **Cluie Mosher** of the Pittsburgh Steelers. . . . When the GI baseballers in Surinam go on the road, they sometimes travel 100 miles through the jungles to play teams guarding important bases. Most of the journey is made on foot, too. . . . **Charles Hoff**, onetime holder of the world pole-vault record and for the past three years director of the Quisling sports movement in Norway, was murdered near Oslo.

If **O/C Ben Hogan** graduates in time from Miami Beach, he'll be an odds-on favorite to win the All-Service Golf Tournament at Goodfellow Field, Tex. . . . **Betty Hicks**, apprentice seaman in the SPARS, is no stranger on that drill field at the Hotel Palm Beach Biltmore. It's the golf course where she won the 1940 Palm Beach championship. . . . **Sgt. Joe Louis** on football: "It's too rough for me! Any game where 11 guys all pile on just one guy, well, that just ain't fair."

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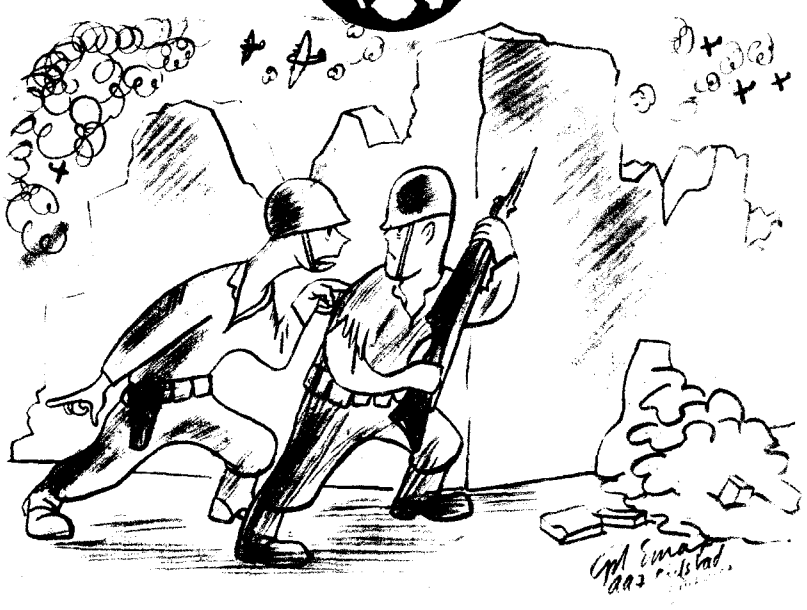
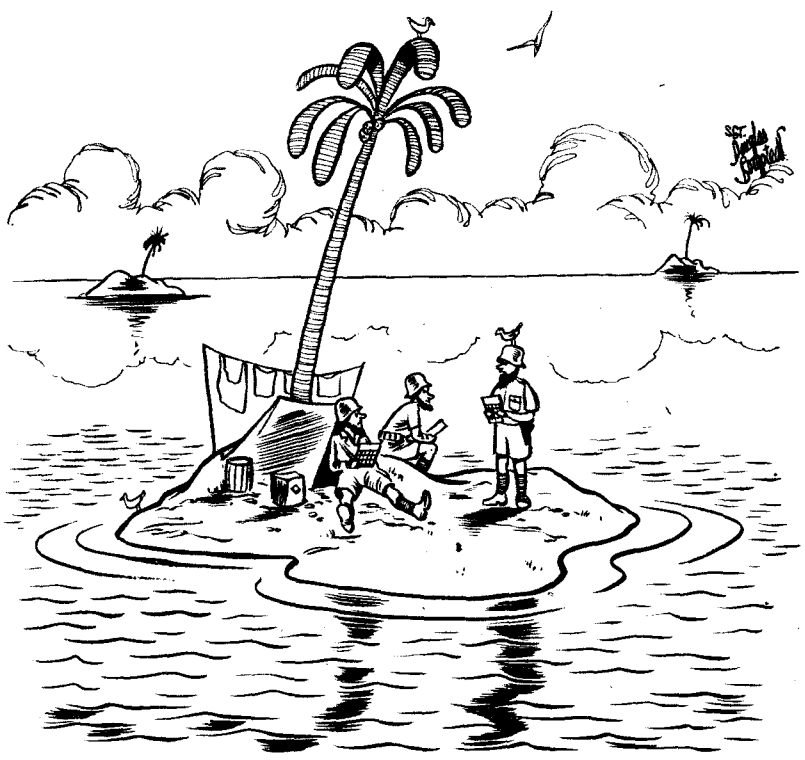
THE ARMY WEEKLY

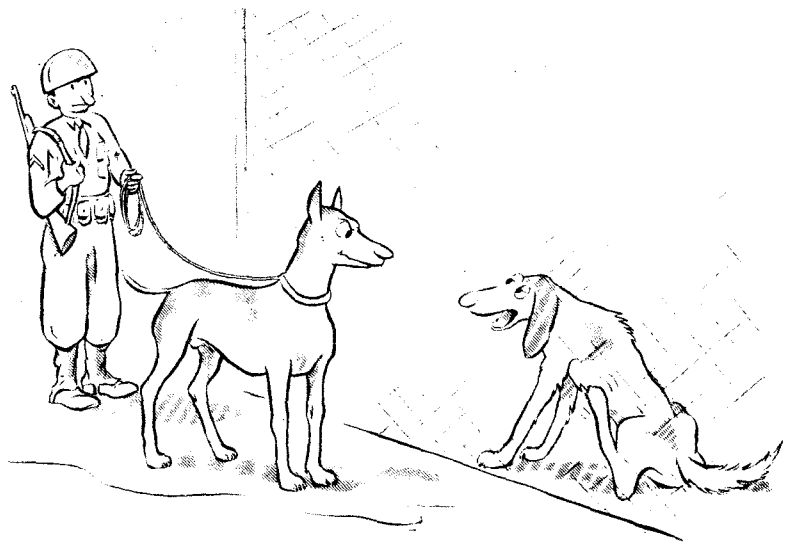


"WHATCHA DOIN' HERE, O'FLYNN? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LATRINE ORDERLY TODAY!"
—Cpl. E. Maxwell

"COMPANY B! TWO MAPLES, ONE OAK ABSENT, SIR."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"PREPARE TO SYNCHRONIZE CALENDARS, MEN."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"IS BASIC TRAINING AS TOUGH AS I HEAR IT IS?"
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy

"ALL RIGHT, MEN—HEAD FOR COVER!"
—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt

. . . for the whole danged Army!

Recently, a soldier questioned in Baltimore as to his opinion of the nickname Yank, pulled a copy of YANK from under his arm. "See that paper?" he said. "That's the paper for the whole danged Army. We like it." —From the *Baltimore Sun*

And that goes for the NAVY and MARINES.

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